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RIDE ON.

BY A. Y. E.

When the heart 'neath its troubles sinks down,
And the joys that misled it are gone;
When the hopes that inspired it are flown,
And it gropes through thick darkness alone;
Be Faith, then, thy cheer;
Scorn the whispers of Fear;
Look trustfully up, and ride on.

When Fancy's wild meteor-ray
Allures thee from duty to roam,
Beware its bewildering way,
Abide with the soul in its home,
And hearken its voice:
Let the stream of thy joys
From the Fountain of Purity come.

When by failures and follies borne down,
The future looks hopelessly drear;
And each day, as it flies, with a frown
Tells how hopeless, how abject we are;
Let nothing dismay
Thy brave effort to-day;
Be patient, and still persevere.

Be steady in Joy and in sorrow;
Be truthful in great and in small;
Fear nothing but Sin, and each morrow
Heaven's blessings upon thee shall fall;
In worst tribulation
Shun low consolation,
And trust in the God that sees all.

Lady Hutton's Ward.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

WHERE Bertie Carlyon had left him, Paul Fulton stood lost and bewildered in a storm of feeling and thought. He knew not whether to be pleased, or curse his fate. What a source of pride and joy for him, his daughter, his own child!—one of the loveliest and fairest women in England,—gifted with grace and dignity fitting for a queen,—married to a nobleman high in rank, position, and wealth; one with whom it was an honor to associate. To be known as Lady Baynecham's father, would be at once to secure position and standing. What a proud moment for him when he could speak of my son-in-law, the earl, my daughter, the countess! He had been longing for the prestige of rank; here it was, and thrust upon him. And yet cooler reflection told him that his own folly stood an impassible barrier between his child and himself. In claiming her he would lose far more than he could gain. He must proclaim himself to be the ex convict, Stephen Hurst; no spurious name would hold good in a matter so important. He must destroy the new reputation so proudly built on the wretched past. He must acknowledge to Lady Grahame, that, in telling her that he had never been married, he had been guilty of a deliberate lie, and so lose all chance of making her his wife.

It maddened Paul Fulton to see so many and such great advantages in his grasp, yet not to be able to reach them. His daughter, who could reflect such honor and distinction upon him, was as far from him as though she were dead. He did not dare to claim her. Calm reflection told him such a step would bring nothing but disgrace upon him, for it would entail the revelation of his past life.

He never blamed himself. He felt no remorse for the sins and follies which separated him from his only child as much as death could have done. He said hard words: railing at his fate, reviling all and everything but himself. He had to bear the knowledge of his secret in silence; to have revealed it would have been to betray himself. But he knew how to keep his secret; with the strong force of his will he drove the thought from his mind. He refused to entertain it, and gave himself up to the amusement of others.

Before long he was considered the life of the little party assembled. His droll stories, his inimitable mimicry, his vivid power of description, his brilliancy and wit, won upon everyone. He made the Countess of Baynecham laugh more in one week than she had ever done before. Anyone who felt dull or out of spirits immediately sought Mr. Fulton. He avoided Lady Hilda, and if he could help it he never looked into the lovely, pure, young face; he never conversed with her, never sought her society as he did others. He tried all means in his power to lay the ghost that haunted him, but in vain.

"His own, only child;" the words were ever ringing in his ear. He heard them above the ordinary converse of everyday life, and above the noise and shouts of the election; they were never out of his ears.

Paul Fulton resolved to fly. He had met and conquered all his enemies; but one stole upon him unawares; and that was, love for the fair and gentle lady who was his only child. When the election was ended he determined to leave, and never come near Baynecham for some time.

The election did end at last, and Albert Carlyon, Esq., was returned by a triumphant majority, thanks to the untiring energy of Lord Baynecham and Mr. Fulton.

Then the guests who had been together began to speak of leaving. Bertie had duties—he must go; Mr. Fulton had imperative business, but he yielded to his host's entreaties, and promised to remain for four days longer.

That promise altered Paul Fulton's life, and brought years of sorrow and misery to his innocent daughter. He began to love her; men may be blind, foolish or cruel, but Nature must speak; there were times when the strong, false man longed for one word from his daughter's lips,—longed to clasp her in his arms and tell her she was his own, only child. He raved at himself for the thought. Should he wreck the reputation he had so carefully and assiduously won, by one moment's weakness? No, he would leave danger and Baynecham far behind him.

That very afternoon Lord Baynecham and Bertie Carlyon had gone out for a ramble together, and Mr. Fulton had been assisting Miss Earle in transplanting some very choice slips given to her. By some unknown accident he contrived to inflict a pretty severe wound upon one of his fingers, whilst Lady Hilda was standing near.

The wound, slight though it was, bled profusely. Mr. Fulton, like many other people, could bear pain, but the sight of blood completely unnerved him. He turned sick and faint, and leant against the wall for support.

"I have some adhesive plaster," said Barbara Earle. "I will fetch it in a moment," and she disappeared as she spoke.

Lady Hilda gazed pityingly at the handsome face blanched with fear.

"Let me bind it up for you," she said, "until Miss Earle returns."

She went up to him and took the wounded hand in her own. As she stooped to fasten the handkerchief round it, her golden hair touched him, and the contact was like an electric shock to him; the warm soft fingers held his own so gently, the fair face was so sweet with its pitying look—and she was his only child. He forgot all danger and everything else in the world, save that she was the little child he had held in his arms; he bent down and kissed the golden head drooping near him. Then his heart died within him when he realised what he had done.

Lady Hilda started up, her face glowing with a burning blush, her eyes full of indignant fire; but it was no look of love that met hers; Mr. Fulton's face was unutterably sad. She was about to exclaim, when he said:

"Hush, my dear. As you value your own happiness, be silent. I—I knew your mother years ago, and you looked like her then."

Miss Earle returned before Lady Hilda had time to speak. She looked with amaze at the strange expression of that fair young face, but made no remark, she bandaged the wound carefully, and then both ladies withdrew, leaving the perplexed Mr. Fulton to find a way out of his difficulties.

"That I should have been so mad!" he cried; "but how could I help it? She looked so fair and winning, so like poor Magdalen; and after all, she is my own child. But what shall I do? I must explain to her, or she will tell Baynecham, and we shall have a scene."

Lady Hilda was dismayed; the secret her mother had kept so well was then known to this handsome stranger, who had made himself universally liked. But she had no time to collect her thoughts; there was a grand dinner party that evening, and she had much to arrange.

Mr. Fulton wished a thousand times over that he had gone away as he intended; he saw but one way out of his trouble, he must see Lady Hilda, tell her all, and rely upon her fears for observing the secrecy necessary for him. He wrote a note, as follows:

"I pray you to keep silence over the little incident that occurred this afternoon until I see you. I can explain it. The honor of a family—my life almost—depends upon your silence. Will you grant me an interview? I know your parents, and have much to say to you. Will you meet me in the library after dinner this evening? I will not detain you long."

He wrote the note, never thinking that there would be any difficulty in handing it to her, but found it impossible. In the drawing room she was surrounded by visitors. Sir Henry Atleigh, of Combe Abbey, took her down to dinner. After dinner she held a little court, and there seemed to be no room for him in the group. He never realized before the difficulty of doing anything underhand.

At last his opportunity came. Sir Henry Atleigh spoke of a photograph he had seen lately from one of Ary Scheffer's finest pictures.

"We have one like it, I believe," said Lady Hilda, rising and moving towards the large table on which books and rare engravings lay scattered.

"Let me assist you in looking for it," said Mr. Fulton, who had long been waiting for this chance. He followed her to the table, and in giving her the photograph she sought, laid his note upon it. He read the hesitation in her face as she half threw it from her. "For your own sake," he whispered, "for your husband's sake," and her hand closed over it.

It was adroitly managed, but it happened unfortunately that the Countess of Baynecham witnessed the little transaction, unseen by them.

She was seated in her own favorite chair, at some distance from the large table; but she was watching Mr. Fulton as he rose, and saw him plainly offer the folded note to her son's wife. Her first impulse was to rise and demand to see it; her second was to laugh at her own folly. It might be a memorandum, or a thousand other things; why should she suspect anything wrong? She smiled, and blamed herself for her unjust suspicion and folly.

If the countess could have seen the burning indignation on Lady Hilda's face as she read those few lines she would have judged her more charitably hereafter. No, certainly,—a thousand times over, she would refuse to meet the stranger, who, a month ago, was unknown to her. Why should she? If he knew anything of her parents, let him tell it to her husband. At least her suspense would be ended then, and she had lived lately with a sword suspended over her head. She tore up the note contemptuously, and flung it to the winds.

That night Mr. Fulton sat until late in the library, but Lady Hilda did not come near, and he grew desperate.

"I must see her," he said to himself; "she will betray me, how madly I have acted! She must see me, and know who I am."

This was more easily said than done. Lady Hilda carefully avoided him the next day. She had not decided what course to pursue; she longed to tell her husband all, but dared not. Then Paul Fulton wrote again.

"I must see you," he said; "reasons, both sacred and important, compel me to speak to you. I ask you, for your dead mother's sake, to meet me to-night; not in the house, where I cannot perhaps speak to you alone. Go after dinner to the Lady's Walk, I pray you, and let me see you there."

With this note, carefully folded, he haunted the drawing-rooms, but no Lady Hilda appeared. Fortune, however, favored him again. Going up the grand staircase he met the countess with her daughter-in-law. He passed them with a deep salutation and some jesting words, placing the note on Lady Hilda's hand as he did so, unobserved, he believed, but seen again by the watchful eye of Lady Baynecham. She made no remark, resolving to know soon what this mysterious correspondence meant.

When Lady Hilda read the second note she was almost in despair. What could he know of her parents, this strange man whom she dreaded? Why should he summon her for her dead mother's sake? She must go; there was no help for it.

They dined alone that evening, and Lady Baynecham saw how worn and anxious was the expression of that young face, on which a new shadow had fallen.

Lord Baynecham left the ladies early; he had been riding all the morning, and was tired. He lingered for a few minutes by his wife's side, watching her white slender fingers, busily engaged with a pretty piece of netting. It seemed like fate that he should notice her bracelet, it was both elegant and costly, one that he presented her with soon after their marriage—delicate pearls set in pure pale gold.

"That is the prettiest bracelet you wear, Hilda," said Lord Baynecham. "I flatter myself I am a good judge of pearls; these are fine ones, are they not, mother?" he said, appealing to Lady Baynecham.

She came forward, and looked at the bracelet.

"They are very fine ones," Lady Baynecham replied, coldly.

Lady Baynecham could never again be cordial with her son's wife, until she knew why she received notes from a gentleman who was almost a stranger to her.

Lady Hilda saw the little group disappear with fear and dismay for she knew she must keep the appointment, made so much against her will.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IT was still early; the fragrant summer evening had given place to a dim, cool night.

With a strong distaste for the interview awaiting her, Lady Hilda hastily put on a large dark shawl, which shrouded her figure, and went out to the Lady's Walk. She could reach it by the staircase which led from her own private suite of rooms. In the distance she saw the tall figure of Mr Fulton coming quickly towards her.

"It is sorely against my will that I am here," she began; "but you asked me to come for my mother's sake. Tell me what you have to say."

"Much," he said, "that cannot be hastily uttered. Lady Hilda, do not fear me. Look at my face. Have I the appearance of a man who sought this interview for any foolish, vain reason of his own?"

She looked at him; there was a faint gleam of light coming from the moonlit sky, and by it she saw that the handsome face, usually so careless and gay, was sad and full of deep emotion. Her calm eyes dwelt upon it, but they read nothing there.

"You may trust me," he said; "you might trust me with your life. Let us walk down the path. You will be cold if you remain standing."

They then went down the broad path together.

"My time is very precious," said Lady Hilda, coldly. "I run great risk by remaining here."

"I know it," he replied. "I asked you to come, for your mother's sake. Do you know who she was, and what was her story?"

"I know it all," said the young girl, sadly. "My mother's fate has clouded my life."

"Thank Heaven, I am saved that long explanation," he replied. "I half feared

you might still believe you were Lady Hutton's daughter."

"I never thought that," she replied; "and one must not ever so highly blame the dead; but I wish I had been left to share my mother's fate. I should have brightened her life, and have been saved all the sorrow and shame of feeling myself half an imposter."

"It was done for the best," he said, dreamily.

"I suppose so," she replied; "but this is not what you wanted me for. You knew my parents—what have you to say of them to me?"

"You speak of your mother," he continued; "did you never hear of your father? Did no one ever mention him to you?"

"Yes," she replied, bitterly. "My mother, on her death, told me of him."

"May I ask what she said?" he inquired. "Some people do not possess the art of painting an agreeable portrait."

"That cannot possibly concern you," she replied. "Tell me your business quickly, and let me go. My father's name brings no music to my ears. Perhaps before now he has met my mother, and rendered her justice."

She raised her pure, calm face to the night skies as she spoke, and Paul Fulton stood abashed and humbled before the serene innocence and dignity of his child.

"Hilda," he said, "has it never struck you who I am?"

A cold dread seized her. She had never thought of him until the day he touched her golden head with his lips, and looked so sadly upon her. Now an awful fear came over her; who could he be that knew the secret her mother had kept? She turned and looked at him; coldly and calmly her eyes rested on his agitated face, and by the faint light of the moonbeams she resembled a spirit more than any living being.

"Have you never thought of me," he said "or wondered who I was?"

"Never!" she replied.

"Would you not care to see your father, Hilda? With all his faults; he loved you."

"My father broke the sweetest and truest heart that ever beat," she replied, passionately; "how could I wish to see him?"

"Hush, child!—hush!" he said, sadly; "your words stab me. Try to care for me, Hilda. I am your father, Stephen Hurst, and I place my life in your hands."

Her fair face grew even more deadly pale

"My words of greeting to you, father," she said, sadly, "are, that I wish that I had died when I was a child, before I knew my hopeless, dreary fate."

"Can you say nothing kinder, Hilda?" he asked, and for once there was real dignity and true feeling in his words. "I have not been a saint; but you are my child, and I love you."

She walked on unheedingly, her fair hands clasped passionately; the fate her dying mother had predicted and feared had come to her.

"What have I done?" she said, wildly, looking up to the still serene heavens. "Why should this fate have fallen upon me?"

"Hush, Hilda!" said Paul Fulton. "I shall do you no wrong, child; we can keep each other's secrets. I do not want to interfere with you. I should not have said one word, but I feared you would tell Lord Baynesham about what had occurred the other afternoon; you looked so like your mother when I saw her first, that I could not help it."

At her husband's name a low cry came from Hilda's lips; what a web of sorrow, shame, and disgrace was woven round her, and he knew nothing of it.

"Will you tell me how and when you saw your mother, Hilda?" asked Paul Fulton, humbly.

She told him the story of her mother's death.

Through the hard, worldly nature, some sharp sting of remorse pierced him.

"Great Heavens!" he cried. "to think that I came here, seeking my new life, and find my wife's grave and my living child!"

"She gave me one message for you," said Lady Hilda gently; "it was to tell you that, dying, she blessed and forgave you."

"Did she say that?" asked Paul Fulton, hoarsely, while his eyes grew dim with tears. "Poor Maggie, she loved me dearly and well."

That moment's softening touched his daughter more than any words could have done.

"I have been a bad man," he said; "but I think I am punished when I stand here abashed and humbled before my own child. It is a strange world for all of us."

He drew his daughter's hand in his own; there was no warmth in her manner, and he felt some keen disappointment, yet acknowledging it was just

"Would you care to hear the history of a black sheep, Hilda?" he said, and something of his old gay manner came back to him. "I am very black, indeed; but perhaps you may think more gently of me, if you hear all that I have to say. You need not be ashamed of me; by birth, as well as everything else, I am a gentleman."

"A gentleman!" repeated his unhappy daughter, with an inflection of scorn in her voice that she could not control. "Do gentlemen usually trample upon the heart that loves them best, and go about the world under a false name—a living lie?"

He bit his lips, listening to her indignant words.

"Hilda," he said, "do not rouse all that is bad within me. I wronged your mother; I repaid her love with ingratitude; I spurned her from my door, and broke her heart. I own it all, and am sorry for it; can mortal man say more?"

She made no reply, and he continued: "You love her. I could feel jealous that of two unknown parents you cling to one and regret the other. But you say she died blessing me; would she like to know that you, my daughter, were my bitter enemy,—that you could not repeat her love and her pardon?"

Paul Fulton knew human nature; he had touched the right spring at last.

"For your mother's sake, say to me that we are friends."

He waited for her answer, but hot anger and fierce bitter sorrow were warring in her heart.

The quiet stars, with their pure holy eyes, shone down upon her, and the night wind, laden with the fragrant breath of sleeping flowers, whispered sweet messages of peace to her; she saw again the clear beautiful face, the cold, still lips that, even in dying, had whispered of love.

"For your mother's sake," urged Paul Fulton again.

She turned to him and laid her hand in his

"It shall be so," she said gently; "for her sake I repeat her pardon and her love."

He felt again the bitterness of his punishment; his fair young child so near him, her golden head drooping under the weight of sorrow he heaped upon her, her sweet face wet with tears, her soft hand touching his own. He did not dare to do as other fathers do; he dared not clasp the weeping sorrowing girl in his arms, and comfort her; he felt that in her sweet innocence and guileless purity she was far above him. He could have knelt at her feet but he dared not clasp her in his arms.

"Hilda," he said, gently, "you are an angel to me, if you had sent me from you in disgust, I should have gone straight to the bad, for I am a reckless man. You have saved me. I will try—it is never too late—I will try and be more worthy of you; I will not shame you again. I told you it was my life you held in your hands. Now time presses. Listen to me. We must both preserve our secret. I have entered upon a fresh life. I am rich, and men respect me. I am going to marry; nay do not start from me, child; that cannot hurt your mother now. I am going to marry one who will do great things for me. I see honor and rank and the good word and praise of men before me—I see a higher and better life, but all this depends upon you. I suffered Hilda; no one knew it. Shame and disgrace cankered my very soul. I believe I hated your mother because her loyal heart ever found excuses for me. I could not suffer shame again. If our secret should become known, were I to say that you are my child, or if you were to call me father, my story must be known; men must know that I am Stephen Hurst, the ex-convict; and if this should come to pass, (mind, I hate heroics, I say it calmly,) if this ever gets known, I will kill myself. I shall not wait for scorn and contempt to destroy me. You see I leave my life in your hands."

"I have no wish to make it known," she replied, sorrowfully; "my happiness is destroyed. I cannot endure to look in my husband's face and know that I have deceived him. I have no business here; my place is amongst the poor and shame-stricken. If Lord Baynesham knew my story I believe he would send me from him. If I conceal it, it will kill me. Where am I to look for help? Who can aid me?"

"Those are false sentimental notions," said Paul Fulton, more touched than he cared to own by her sorrowful face and despairing words. "You have done no wrong; you are a gentleman's daughter. Lady Hutton made you a lady in every sense of the word. Keep your secret, and you will be happy enough."

"I did not expect you to understand me," she said; "it is the concealment I hate. But we must not linger. What more have you to say?"

"Nothing," he replied. "You know I leave here early in the morning. I shall never return, Hilda. We must remain as strangers, and do not forget that you hold my life in your hands. I shall avoid you,—it will be less painful than seeing you, and not daring to claim you as my child. Are you willing?"

"Yes," Lady Hilda replied, in the same hopeless tone, "it will be best so; only promise me one thing,—if I die first, you will tell the whole truth to Lord Baynesham; he will never betray you."

Paul Fulton promised, without the least intention of ever keeping his promise, and they turned towards the house.

"Hilda," said Paul Fulton, "you are my own child. Let me hear my name once. Say 'God bless you father,' before we part."

Lady Hilda turned her fair, sad face to him, and he never forgot it as he saw it then.

The breath of the summer wind was not more sweet and faint than the voice that said, "God bless you, father! Good-bye!"

"If I had kept her with me," said Paul Fulton, as through the mist of warm tears he watched Hilda enter the house, "I should have been a different man."

That night, while darkness and silence fell upon the old castle, there was one beneath its roof who seemed to die a living death. That night a fair young face lost its radiance and youth; a pure, loving heart, rebelled against dark, stern fate; a golden head tossed wearily to and fro; and in the darkness there came to her again those solemn, terrible words, "I visit the sins of the fathers upon the children."

The young, beautiful, and beloved lady of Baynesham prayed for death; life had grown too painful to bear.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LADY BAYNEHAM had been thinking—a mental exercise she did not often indulge in. This world was but a path of roses, in which she had found few thorns, and she had nothing much that required thought; but this night, when a young heart near her was breaking with sorrow, Lady Baynesham could not sleep, for she was thinking. She knew the world well; its strange ways were old legends to her. She had heard many stories where a handsome, accomplished man of the world prided himself upon winning the liking of a beautiful young wife. The whole artillery of flirtation was a well-known business to Lady Baynesham. Her son's wife was very lovely, and no fairer face had ever shown in those old halls; she was also very young and child-like; often enough had the countess smiled at her *naive* remarks, for the world was a sealed book to her. She was as innocent, guileless, and unsuspicious as a child. Mr. Fulton was a man of the world; handsome and fascinating; old, it is true, but with a charm and grace of manner more winning even than the freshness of youth. She suspected nothing serious. He dared not attempt to make love to her son's wife under her son's roof, but, in all probability, he had amused himself by trying to get up a sentimental friendship with her. How else account for those notes? And she was so young and so inexperienced, it was impossible to guess what she would do. If a note had been clandestinely slipped into Lady Baynesham's hand, she would calmly and quietly torn it in pieces before the writer's face, without the trouble of words. She had seen how Lady Hilda blushed and trembled when she received the note; and the brilliant, experienced woman of the world felt something like pity for the young novice.

"I have no doubt," said Lady Baynesham to herself, "that she is dreadfully puzzled what to do over the matter. Poor child!—she is so simple and so sweet. I think I must tell Claud—he will know just what to do; and if I speak to her, she may consider it interference."

The countess believed she was performing a kindly motherly action in seeking her son, and telling him what she had seen; accordingly she was the first in the breakfast-room.

Mr. Fulton, in accordance with his arrangement on the previous evening, left while the morning was still dawning. Barbara Earle had taken breakfast and gone out into the grounds. Lady Hilda was in her room, hence the countess had a clear field; and when her son entered, she went into action at once. With her second cup of tea she commenced a preamble.

"I think you know me too well, Claud, ever to suspect that I could be capable of any impertinence or interference; is it not so?"

Lord Baynesham assured his mother that she possessed all the cardinal virtues, and no faults.

"I am speaking seriously, my son," continued the lady. "I have a sincere affection and liking for your beautiful wife; but she is very young, and knows nothing of the world. She is so innocent and simple that I mention to you a circumstance I have observed, which in another would not have excited my attention."

"What has Hilda been doing?" asked Lord Baynesham, with a smile; "has she broken some terribly severe law of etiquette?"

"No," replied the countess; "Lady Hilda's manner is perfect. It is not that: but our late visitor, Mr. Fulton, was a very handsome man, and one who could fascinate where he chose."

"Well, and what can that possibly have to do with Hilda's shortcomings?" demanded Lord Baynesham quickly.

"If you will allow me time, Claud, I can explain," said the countess with dignity. "On the first evening of his arrival, we all remarked how much he seemed struck with Hilda. Mind, I insinuate nothing against him; he is only a man of the world; but I believe he has been trying to get up a sentimental kind of friendship with her."

"What makes you think so, mother?" asked Lord Baynesham indifferently, for he saw nothing remarkable in anyone admiring his wife.

"I noticed a little circumstance that struck me rather unpleasantly," replied Lady Baynesham. "I saw him on two occasions slip a note into her hand."

"You must have been mistaken, mother," said her son quickly, his face flushing hotly. "My wife would never receive a letter from anyone."

"It is true," continued the countess, "I do not say there was anything in them; for knowing Hilda to be one of the purest as she is one of the loveliest of women, I am sure there could be nothing wrong about it. I would speak to her myself, but it is a delicate matter to interfere with; but with a few well chosen words you can put her on her guard; she is very young and inexperienced."

"You are very kind, mother," said Lord Baynesham, rising hastily; "but I cannot understand how a note could have nothing in it. I must see Hilda and ask her about it."

"Do not be rash or foolish, Claud; there is no necessity for any scenes or any emotion. Speak to your wife quietly, for perhaps there is nothing in it. Hilda never even sees anyone but you. Do not force me to regret that I have treated you like a sensible man."

"I must have it explained," said Lord Baynesham, quietly but firmly; "I must see those notes, or know what they were about. None shall either insult or act impertinently to my wife."

"I do not think anyone will ever try," said Lady Baynesham; "be prudent and sensible, Claud. Suppose, after all, there was nothing on the paper but the name of a book or song?"

"Tell me how they were given," he said, "and I can judge for myself."

Lady Baynesham, who began to repent of her undertaking, then told him of the two little scenes she had witnessed, and his face grew dark.

"If that man dared to write nonsense to my wife, I will follow him to London and thrash him!" Lord Baynesham cried. "I can now see how it is Hilda did not tell me; she was afraid I should quarrel with him."

"Nothing of the kind," said Lady Baynesham, trying to allay the tempest she had aroused. "She very likely never thought of naming it at all; she cannot run to you every time anyone either speaks or writes to her."

"Then why have you named it?" said Lord Baynesham, impatiently. "If there is nothing wrong, extraordinary, improper, wonderful, or anything else in it, why did you come to me?"

"Claud, I quite despair of you," said Lady Baynesham, haughtily. "I have explained my motives. Your wife is young, beautiful, and untrained in the world's ways; it is your place to warn her and see that her very innocence and simplicity do not cause her to act imprudently."

Lord Baynesham sighed; he was not quite clear as to what his mother really meant. He saw one thing plainly; she was not actuated by any unkind feeling towards Hilda; but before he had time to reply Barbara Earle entered, her face glowing with exercise, and her hand filled with choice fern leaves.

"See, aunt," Miss Earle said, lightly touching Lady Baynesham's face with her fresh red lips, "I have found all these treasures; they will make your collection complete. Good-morning, Claud; you look—well—not one-half so bright as the morning is."

For the first time Barbara noticed the uneasy expression of both faces.

"I am sorry to hear Hilda is not well this morning," Miss Earle continued. "Pauline tells me she has not left her room; so I will go and see her."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TURKISH WOMEN.—The Turkish woman is fiercely intolerant in matters of religious belief. The teachings of the Koran have reached her by word of mouth, and surrounded by a perfect Talmud of tradition, and these teachings shape her view of the outside world. In obedience to them, she commonly hates foreigners with passion. As she passes you on the street she will pray with audible fervor that your eyes may become blind, or that God may curse you. She is superstitious in the extreme. In sickness, she will use the saliva of an old woman who has never been divorced, or will inhale the fetid breath of an odoriferous and saintly dervish, in preference to the choicest prescription of an educated physician. She is assured that Satan in person teaches Americans their skill in mechanical arts. She believes in charms. She will not live an hour bereft of her three-cornered bit of leather which encloses the mystic phrase that is potent to ward off the evil eye. She distrusts Tuesday as the mother of ill luck, and will not celebrate the birthday anniversaries of her children, not even record the date, lest some magician use it to cast a spell against the child.

An Indiana man has built a miniature steamer, twenty-five feet long, with which he proposes to take a trip to New Orleans.

A GOLDEN LINE.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

One day yet idling in the summers sweet,
That only for the eyes of boyhood shine,
While fate with busy hands passed to and fro
Her shuttle through this still, strange life of mine,
Across the mingling threads a line of light
Burst sudden in the brief web's mashy fold,
And 'mid its plainer shades of dark and white
Blazed with the glory of a weft of gold.

The shuttle still flies on. The loom of time
Weaves tears and smiles in moments and in years;
Bright lines there are with rifts and rugged knots—
But nevermore that mystic light appears.
Yet now I feel and bless the mission. 'Twas
The settling wings of love-sent messenger,
Who by the weaver stands and fairer makes
The tangled threads that darker are or were.

The "Ivy Green."

BY JAMES F. CAMPBELL

REMOTE from the other houses in our village, and so near to the restless waters of the bay that every violent storm sent its spray against the old weather beaten boards, stood a tavern, or gambling house, called the "Ivy Green."

It was Saturday night. Gamblers of every grade had assembled at the "Ivy Green," and their evil games were reaping a rich harvest from the many hard earnings of a week's work. Between the heavy claps of thunder could be heard wild snatches of music played by an expert violinist, and accompanied by some coarse song, that gave way now and then to the shouts of drunken hilarity, or the frequent wranglings at the gaming tables.

In the deep shadows of the doorway, a young woman stood and listened in an anxious, frightened manner to the drunken revels that were holding sway within. Several times she approached the door, but at each time some bacchanalian shout or low expression would cause her to shrink back in terror to her hiding-place, and raise her clasped hands in the attitude of prayer towards heaven.

Beautiful Lilian Grey, once the pride of society and the daughter of wealth, now stood trembling before the entrance of a place whose evil society had ruined her generous-hearted but easily led husband. As the poor woman raised her haggard, tear stained face towards heaven, she murmured, "Alone, and near this terrible den! Oh, Heaven! is there no one to pity my anguish, or warn my misguided husband of the dark, overwhelming sorrow that may even now await us on our return home! Oh, if our little girl must be taken from us, grant that William may know of our sorrow before death has robbed us of our darling! How will he know? I dare not enter there! Oh, what shall I do!—what shall I do!"

These bitter words yet lingered on Lilian Grey's lips when the door opened, and a tall, fine looking young man stepped out in front of the tavern light. Though bearing tokens of recent dissipation, yet his gentlemanly appearance and dark blue eyes showed an intellect that that was eminently superior to the place and society with which he had been connected.

A slight noise attracted the young man's attention, and turning, he beheld the pale, tearful countenance of his young wife as she stepped forward into the light.

"Oh, William, I am so glad that you came out! I was afraid to go in there." A look of relief passed over her face as she said this, and she stepped close to her astonished husband's side, as if he only could afford her protection and comfort. "Dear husband, the doctor said that little May was very ill; and he thinks she'll never get well. Mrs. Brown is with her now, and I came out all alone in the dark to this terrible place to find you."

A flash of shame passed over the young man's face as he thought of his timid little wife and what she must have undergone for his sake; and, putting his arm lovingly about her, he said, "There, Lily dear, don't worry so. It was wrong for me to come to this place to-night. I ought not to have left home during little May's sickness. Lilian, I am a slave, a bondsman of the old 'Ivy Green's;' and this night I have found that a vicious appetite for strong drink has been my master. My intemperate habits have caused great misery to my little family, and now, if our little girl should be taken away from us, what a retribution it would be to me! But we must not look at the dark side. The doctor has made a mistake. I have seen many cases of this fever, and little May was decidedly better a short time ago. It can't be possible that so short a time could have made so great a change in her. But come, Lily, let's hurry home."

They had gone but a short distance, and were yet walking in the lighted path of the road, when a very rough, sullen-looking man stepped outside of the tavern door, and, seeing William Grey walking away from the "Ivy Green," he said:

"Hallo thar! ware are you goin' with that 'ar bundle o' apron strings. Grey! 'Cause yer got stunk two or three games, hain't no reason for yer to run away in that cowardly manner. An' yer sha'n't do it, nuther! Let yer woman wait till yer git through playing them games. That'd be a nice pudding for yer to mix—goin' to run away an' leave yer partner to foot the racket! Don't yer try that game on me, yer young scalawag!"

William Grey's pale face flushed with anger at this insulting address, and turning to the coarse intruder, he savagely demanded:

"Who are you using such insulting language to, you dog?"

"To you, an' don't yer git too cheeky, or I'll give yer a taste o' that!"

With this threat, the desperado swaggered up to the young man in a very insulting manner.

Angered beyond endurance, William Grey forgot everything. Even the haggard, frightened face by his side was forgotten, and gently pushing her aside, he dealt the ruffian a blow that laid him prostrate at his feet.

With a yell of rage, the crestfallen bully regained his footing, and, brandishing a large knife that he had had concealed beneath his clothing, he ejaculated, between his set teeth:

"No man never done that afore without gettin' his desert!"

Ah, what a scene! Standing in the pale light that flickered dimly through the falling rain William Grey stood with clenched fists and flashing eyes; while his murderous adversary flourished above his head the keen-bladed knife, and glared with a deadly hatred at his antagonist. Back from the light, a slight figure stood as if transfixed to the earth.

Fortunately, the young man happened to see a portion of an oar that lay at his feet, and, stooping suddenly, he grasped it and said:

"Back! Back, I tell you! I am not responsible for actions of self-preservation. Stand back, if you love your own life!"

Taking a step forward, the man sneeringly answered.

"Ah, ha! What do you think I care about that!"

Again the bright blade glistened in the tavern light; but suddenly the atmosphere became thick and suffocating; a crash of thunder, a ball of lurid light, and the would-be homicide lay a ghastly corpse.

The bright steel had attracted the electric fluid from the clouds. William Grey saw only a blinding sheet of flame descend from above to the upraised knife, and then fairly envelope the body of his antagonist. Instantaneous with this electric light came a deafening crash of thunder that seemed to shake the very foundations of the earth.

The old "Ivy Green" shook with the electric shock. The lantern that was suspended outside was extinguished as it fell with a crash upon the ground, and the terrified inmates rushed through the doorway, expecting to find the old tavern wreathed in flames. Lilian Grey clutched her husband's arm, and pointing towards the disfigured corpse, she said, in a husky, unnatural voice:

"Come away! Hurry! This place is accursed, and there lies an example of Heaven's vengeance!"

* * * * *

The storm was over. The dark clouds had melted away, and one by one each twinkling star shone through the fleecy tissue that could no longer obscure its cheerful light.

At the easterly extent of the village stood a small white cottage. Its dilapidated appearance, broken fence, and a fertile garden overgrown with weeds, told a sad story of wilful neglect, even as it seemed to bask in the effulgence of lunar light. This was Lilian Grey's home. Ah! but could she call it home! If so, 'twas a cheerless one.

Just as the last beams of the disappearing moon bathed the little white cottage with its yellow light, the village doctor passed up the path, and was met at the door by an elderly lady.

"Ah! Mrs. Brown, has an hour's time brought any change to my little patient?"

"I fear not, doctor. She has hardly stirred since you left, and more than once it appeared as though she had breathed her last. But come up."

Mrs. Brown led the way up the stairs to the door of the sick chamber. But just as she was about to turn the knob, a low, deep voice caused her to pause, and, turning hastily to her companion, she said, "Hush, doctor; that is William. He is praying. Ah, William Grey has received a sad warning to night! I shudder when I think of that terrible affair at the 'Ivy Green' hotel. And now poor little May may not live! All of this trouble in one night! Ah, Lilian! how my heart aches for you!"

There was a tremor in the kind neighbor's voice as she said this, and she turned her head to hide the tears of sympathy that it was impossible for her to suppress.

When Mrs. Brown finished speaking, the room again silent, and, opening the door, the two passed quietly in. William Grey and his grief stricken wife knelt by the bedside of their dying little daughter. The doctor walked across the room to his patient, and took the thin little hand in his. An expression of deep anxiety passed over his face as he felt her pulse. The fond father saw that look, and, grasping the doctor's hand, said:

"Can you do anything for her, doctor? Oh, dear, she must not die! She must not die!" And his voice sank to a hoarse whisper as he hid his face in the bed clothes near his little girl.

Laying his hand tenderly upon the poor man's shoulder, the physician said:

"Whatever is possible will be done, William."

As the doctor spoke, the little patient's eyes slowly opened. Reason had returned, and, seeing her poor, weeping mother, she faintly said:

"Don't cry mamma! Papa may soon be home."

"Here I am, darling! What can papa do for little May?"

"Oh, little sick May so glad papa home. Now mamma won't cry any more. Papa always stay with mamma; papa won't go away with bad men any more, an' leave dear mamma an' 'ittle May."

Tears, bitter, remorseful tears, rolled down William Grey's face; and in a choked, husky voice he answered:

"No, little one, papa won't go away with—with bad men any more."

"Me so glad! Me kiss papa! Mamma an' 'ittle May love papa so much!"

A choking sound, a short gasp, and the fingers of death had silenced those little lips for ever with its icy touch.

Like the budding rose she had only been given for a season, and now the dreaded frosts of death had done their work.

With a startled cry, Lilian Grey turned an appealing look to the doctor, and whispered:

"Doctor, doctor! She is—she is——"

Tears filled the kind-hearted doctor's eyes as he answered:

"Dead, Mrs. Grey! Poor little May has gone to her rest."

Bitter trials, clouds of sorrow caused by a husband's intemperate habits—Lilian had borne them all with a rare fortitude; but now all seemed strangely dark, and with a low wail of anguish she sank fainting upon the death-bed of her only child—the joy of her dreary life—the little sunshine among the clouds of her sorrow.

* * * * *

William Grey never forgot the promise he had made to his dying child. Little May's last blessing had disenthralled a slave. That slave's galley was the old "Ivy Green," and that uncontrollable thirst for intoxicating liquors was his taskmaster. But the slave was disenthralled.

HISTORICAL REPETITIONS.—That history repeats itself is an ancient truism. Every one has heard of Charlotte Corday, who killed the French tyrant Marat; but few people remember Cecile Renault, the young girl who attempted to follow in her footsteps. This young woman presented herself repeatedly at the house of Robespierre, urgently endeavoring to gain admittance to him; but Marat's fate had probably made his colleague suspicious, and the police searched a parcel Cecile carried. It contained two knives, and from this and other circumstances there appears little doubt that the girl shared Charlotte Corday's enthusiasm, as she eventually did her fate. Cecile Renault was guillotined on the charge of an intention to assassinate.

Joan of Arc is a familiar historical character; but only a vague memory survives of that "woman of Berri, named Catherine," who at the same time was urging her father to assist her in her "mission," gave out that she also had "beheld visions of fair ladies, with crowns of gold, who bade her go through France seeking subsidies and men-at-arms for the Dauphin." This "Catherine" never appears to have gained the belief of her neighbors, in spite of her promises that her "fair ladies" would "reveal hidden treasures" to her followers; and she is now only remembered as a kind of feeble shadow of the famous Maid of Orleans.

One of the most curious instances of this kind of historical repetition occurred in the thirteenth century. It is stated that so universal was the crusading enthusiasm at this era, that in 1213 no less than 30 000 children set out for the Holy Land. This "Child's Crusade" was organised by two worthless monks, who designed to sell their deluded victims as slaves in Africa. According to the story, nearly all the ships containing the young enthusiasts were wrecked off the coast of Italy. A few vessels reached Africa, where the unhappy children were sold as slaves and carried into the interior of the country; some of the ships were driven into the port of Genoa, where some of the young Crusaders were rescued and restored to their parents.

It is not long since that a successful cure was effected at one of the London hospitals by checking an apparently fatal hemorrhage from a place where it was impossible to apply bandages by the pressure of a finger on the wound till the place healed over. This contrivance was mentioned as a novelty; but the same treatment was successfully practiced over two hundred years ago, when the Prince of Orange was wounded in the neck by an assassin.

A fitting opportunity—The visit to the dressmaker.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE CIPHER.—The great defect of ancient arithmetic was the use of letters instead of the present signs of numbers and in having no "cipher" or zero mark. These were introduced into Europe in the fourteenth century by the Arabs.

PEACOCKS IN INDIA.—In India, the peacock is held in high veneration by the natives, and on this account there is danger in shooting them, in consequence of outraging their religious feeling. Sometimes as many as a thousand or fifteen hundred may be seen congregating together, and making splendid displays of their magnificent plumage.

THE REGALIA OF GERMANY.—The imperial crown of Germany is of gold, heavily set with pearls, and about a foot high. The scepter is about two feet in length and made of silver gilt. The globe carried in the Emperor's hand is of the finest gold, 8½ inches in diameter, surmounted by a cross that blazes with gems. Two circles surround the globe at right angles, both encrusted with jewels.

THE UNKNOWN PUPIL.—Once a week each pupil of one of the principal schools of Paris gives one cent to certain pupils who are charged with collecting this subscription. The sum thus collected is devoted to the education of a poor boy whose situation is enveloped in the greatest mystery. He receives the same education as his companions, subscribes his cent as they do. Three prudent persons are alone in the secret of this discreet charity.

CATS.—The persecutors of the feline race are often, no doubt, ignorant of the fact that cats had been the object of superstitious veneration in early times. In Egypt, for instance, the cat was deified as the patron of liberty, and a similar respect was shown it throughout the whole of the East. The Turks still regard "Tabby" as the "cleanest" of animals; Mahomet himself, indeed, having had a great liking for cats, it is only natural that all good Musulmans should profess the same affection.

CHINESE CULTURE.—The Chinese take every care to increase the culture of fish and fowls by artificial incubation. On their principal rivers there are thousands of fish-breeding establishments. The shad is almost entirely bred by artificial incubation, and large quantities are sent all over the country packed in coarse earthenware jars. Fowls are very cheap—about ten cents each—and eggs are also wonderfully cheap, the Chinese having discovered some secret method of increasing the fecundity of hens.

USE OF THE LOADSTONE.—In the course of his experiences as a medical missionary among the Mongols, a lately returned traveler has gathered some interesting information regarding their inner life, but perhaps the most curious item is that Mongol doctors are not entirely unacquainted with the properties of galvanism. It is said that they are in the habit of prescribing the loadstone ore, reduced to powder, as efficacious when applied to sores, and he states that one man hard of hearing had been recommended by a native physician to put a piece of loadstone into each ear and chew a piece of iron in his mouth.

LYNCH LAW.—Judge Lynch and Lynch law have been usually supposed of American origin, but some doubt is thrown upon this by an English paper, which says that the Virginian farmer named Lynch, who flogged a thief with his own hands, has probably no claim to the honor ascribed to him by a doubtful tradition. There was a Judge Lynch who was sent to America in 1687-88 to suppress piracy; but the real Lynch is said to have been a certain Mayor of Galway, at the close of the fifteenth century, who became famous "for hanging his own son with his own hands, out of the upper window, in execution of a death sentence passed upon him for robbery and murder."

BULLET RIDDLED.—There was in Detroit last week a man who was wounded five times in less than ten minutes at Fair Oaks. The first bullet entered his left arm; the second gave him a scalp wound; the third hit him in the foot; the fourth buried itself in his shoulder; the fifth entered his right leg. While he was being carried to the rear, the first two men who took him were killed. While his wounds were being dressed, an exploding shell almost buried him under an avalanche of dirt. In being removed further to the rear, a runaway ambulance horse carried him half a mile and dumped him out, and yet to day he is seemingly hale and hearty, and walks without a limp.

ST. NICHOLAS, PATRON OF MAIDENS.—He was also the patron of boys and of sailors. Once no less than 376 churches on the English coast were dedicated in his name. Churches in towns where there are navigable rivers might be added to this list. The stained glass (believed to be from the Continent and about three centuries old) that is placed in the centre of the west window of Great Yarmouth Church shows St. Nicholas in his Episcopal robes, engaged in performing the miracle of bringing the cut up bodies of boys to life in a tub. His patronage over maidens is confined to Continental countries—France, Italy, Holland. He is one of the traditional ancestors of Criss-Kingle.

When the Spring.

BY L. W. M.

The autumn woods are gold and brown,
The autumn winds are chill,
And the purple flush of summer
Has faded from the hill.
O autumn leaves, fall thick and fast;
O autumn winds, blow free,
And speed the bitter months along
That keep my love from me.

The asphodel and violet
Are peeping through the plain,
And the flame of the golden crocus
Has lit the land again.
O bud and blossom, quicken fast,
Bedeck the barren tree,
And bring the spring, for with the spring
My love comes back to me.

The Wedding Excursion.

BY ALLEN MOUPETH.

THE wedding day had arrived, and all was bright and auspicious. The morning dawned without a cloud; the flowers shone in the sunshine as if brides themselves.

Precisely at the proper moment the bride retired to put on a traveling dress and take a sad leave of her mother.

The mother proceeded to comfort the mourning bride after her own fashion.

"Now, my dear love, do compose yourself. What is to become of me, if you give way to your feelings in this manner? Hark, I hear the carriage drawing up! Now, my dear, don't let me have to blush for you at the last; so well as you behaved through the ceremony—no trembling, no tears, no nonsense of any kind; but let me give you one piece of advice—when you return don't let Tomkins lay a finger on your hair; I was quite shocked when we were in church to see what a fris he had made it."

"Oh, mamma, don't, pray don't talk so; what signify curls or anything else at a time like this," replied the daughter. "I never expected to suffer so much at leaving home—I fear I have done a foolish thing—I am changing a certainty for an uncertainty—even the chairs and tables seem to know that I am going—and the poor looking-glass that I have dressed at so often——"

The fair speaker was here overcome by her reminiscences, and had recourse to silence and her scent bottle.

"Mary Anne," replied the matron. "Mary Anne, this is neither behaving like a sensible girl nor a good daughter; and I count it perfectly insulting to poor dear George, and exceedingly ungrateful to your father and myself——"

She was here interrupted by the entrance of the bridesmaid, wild with present honor and prospective pleasure.

She had at first voted most warmly in favor of Cheltenham as the scene of the wedding excursion; but the bridegroom having with equal consideration and good taste assigned her a companion in office, a charming young man, inasmuch as he was in uniform and unmarried, she was now perfectly contented that they should journey to the Lakes.

"What, not ready yet!" was her exclamation on entering the room, "and the carriage waiting, and the luggage fastened on—and George asking for you every instant. Oh, my dear, what is the good of making such a fuss! Come, take my arm, and let me set you an example; there—never saw you look so well—never! We shall have a charming excursion. I seem as if I had known Captain Best ten years; now, no more tears, I beg—everyone has been paying you such compliments, and George is so proud of you, and I have been talking about you to the Dickensons till they are ready to die with spite."

Thus reassured the bride suffered herself to be comforted; and she was again led into the drawing-room.

Everyone came forward to say something equally appropriate and delightful till it appeared that so suitable, so auspicious, so every way happy a union had never occurred in the annals of matrimony.

At length the bride with becoming slowness ascended the carriage—the bridesmaid having less dignity to support moved after her at a quicker pace—the gentleman took their appointed stations—heads were bowed, and handkerchiefs displayed—the carriage drove off—and thus commenced the first act of the wedding excursion.

The present bride was devoted to dress, fashion, and gaiety. She had accepted her first offer because it was a good one, and she became attached because she was going to be married.

The gentleman was a good natured, good looking young man, not overburdened with talent and feeling, but one who could make himself sufficiently agreeable amongst common-place people, and talk sufficiently well on all common place topics.

Had his bride elect jilted him, it would not perhaps have broken his heart; nevertheless he believed her to be a very charming young woman, and was fully resolved to make her a good husband.

About a fortnight had elapsed since the auspicious day, during which period our bridal party had visited much of the scenery of the north; with what effect the following conversation will evidence.

It was evening and the married pair stood together, on as lovely a spot as this, or any other country can exhibit

"Delightful evening," said the bridegroom, at the same moment contradicting his assertions with a yawn.

"Pretty the water looks," replied the bride, in a languid tone

"Very," rejoined the gentleman.

"What are we to do to-morrow, love?" inquired the lady, after a considerable interval of silence.

"Don't know, indeed, my dear. I suppose Best and Sophia have planned an excursion somewhere," and again the bridegroom closed his sentence with a yawn.

"I think we must have seen everything; at least I feel as if we had," observed his companion; "don't you think, love, a set of colored views gives one just as good an idea of these places as coming to see them?"

"Exactly; but then there's the say so. I wish I had brought my flute and fishing tackle with me; Best is not half such good company as I expected——"

"And Sophia," interrupted the bride, "is most exceedingly inattentive. I wish we had gone to Cheltenham; what are we to do if there comes another wet day?"

"Why, you know, my dear," said her husband, "I told you what would happen; these places are only pleasant when you have a large party with you."

"Indeed, George, you are quite right; and I wish with all my heart we were at home. Do, love, let us get home; I am sure we have seen everything here."

"Well, my dear," replied the gentleman, with vivacity, "I m sure you have my consent, and I'll take you down to Cheltenham for a week or two when our bustle is over at home. I shou'd like that trip myself."

The bride was in ecstasies.

While this conjugal dialogue took place without doors, the bridesmaid and her brother in office, stationed at the inn window which commanded a view of the same scene, held a conference in a very different strain.

"Who could ever tire of this scenery?" exclaimed the young lady, with enthusiasm.

"Not in such society," replied her companion; "I shall never have such another fortnight."

"Impossible, we never can have been out a whole fortnight—it has not appeared a week."

"Then you are not tired?"

"Tired! I could live here for ever," was the gallant captain's reply.

They were interrupted to receive the information with which the reader is already acquainted. The change of plans did not meet with their approval, and it was with very different feelings that the bride and bridesmaid sat down to write their respective letters; the former to her mother, the latter to a most intimate friend. We subjoin extracts from both:

"Indeed, my dear mother, if I were to be married a hundred times, I would neither come to this country, nor travel with a bridesmaid. Both Sophia and Captain Best are so taken up with each other, that they pay George and myself scarcely any attention. I suspect they intend to have a wedding excursion of their own before long. There is very little company here this season, at least what I call company. By the way, how came we all to forget that the races were so much earlier this year? George is extremely vexed, as there will be no other ball before the winter assemblies commence. I think it would be a thousand pities to lose this opportunity of making my appearance. We have, therefore, decided to shorten our excursion, and you may expect us home in a few days. I know I can trust you to arrange my wardrobe against my return. Have you any idea what stranvers intend to call upon me? George's acquaintances and mine will, when added together, make such a large circle that I am not exceedingly anxious for new friends unless they are particularly stylish people. With my best love, in which George joins, believe me, my dear mother, Your affectionate child,

"MARY ANNE."

The following are the closing remarks contained in the bridesmaid's epistle:

"And now, my dear friend, will you give credit to my assurance, that Mr. and Mrs. Smith are utterly insensible to the charms of this earthly paradise. Excursions which have enraptured Captain Best and myself have overwhelmed them with *ennui*. They are perpetually sighing for noisy pleasures and vulgar gaiety, whilst we are contented with a solitary walk or ride, during which we are obliged to entertain each other. Is it not provoking that our happy couple should have determined to return home immediately. Captain Best regrets as much as I do this change in our plans, for, as he justly remarks, we shall have no pleasure in conversing in a crowd. I am attached to the country, and if I were to be married a hundred times, it should be the scene of my wedding excursion. Captain Best interrupts me, to solicit one farewell ramble before we leave these enchanting scenes, perhaps for ever.

"Believe me unalterably yours,

"SOPHIA."

The reader will anticipate the result of this farewell ramble. It was twilight, the witching hour of romance.

The conversation we do not disclose; but when the ramblers returned to the inn, the young lady retired, to add in a postscript, that she was engaged to be married.

Captain Best found the "happy couple" where he had left them, with this change in their occupations: that the bridegroom, having pared his nails, was waisting a wafer, and that the bride, having finished her letter, had taken up an old newspaper.

Thus ended a wedding excursion, in the course of which two of the same party fell out of love, and the remaining two fell in. What effect a return into the world produced upon their respective feelings we leave as a problem to be solved by the sagacious reader.

Cleared Away.

BY MAUD MURRAY.

CLOUDY and gloomy the twilight was settling down, a fitting close to a cheerless day; it was not raining, but the dull, heavy mist from the sea swung low o'er the little town, and seemed like a shroud to the young girl who stood upon the rocks, watching the hungry waves, with foaming lips, beating far beneath her; stood unmindful of the damp, cold mist and salt spray, or the lowering twilight; it seemed so like her life, so devoid of brightness.

Hers had been such a brief life, too, to make her so weary; it was not that it had been crowded with sorrow; it had had its share, as whose had not? but it was so dull, so eventless, each day like its predecessor; nothing in anticipation, a dreary road before her, a dreary blank behind.

She was only eighteen, this tall, frail girl with her glorious beauty, her lofty aspirations and inherent love of the beautiful. She felt so cramped and crowded in this little sleepy town! She had no home ties to bind her; she found nothing congenial in the rough family where she was bred; she was not sure of anything, not even parentage; perhaps her mother was a lady; but, poor child! when things went wrong at the cottage it was anything but that they told her. Never was she known to be angry except on this subject; hers was a sensitive nature that grieved alone, and did not spend itself in wild railings. She had a memory of a lady with great dark eyes, or she imagined she had, and she felt sure Captain Grant and his wife knew more than they would tell her.

The waves fretted and beat as if they, too, would break their fetters, and Margaret Grant, whose very soul seemed looking out from the great velvety eyes, wearily brushed back the bronze brown hair, and turned with a sigh from the dreary sea before her to the drearier town beyond.

A light shone from the cottage window, and, quietly opening the door, she was surprised to find a stranger there, who, she learned, was Mrs Arthur. She remembered the name—remembered that Captain Grant's sister married a gentleman of high standing, whose name was Arthur, and Captain Grant's own family held a position in society equal to any; but the wayward boy ran away to sea when a mere child, with manners unformed and no education, and from that time he was as dead to his proud and haughty father, whose other son was also always roving, always restless at home; so the darling daughter was the father's pet and pride. But the gentle lady could never forget the curley haired brother, so she had visited Captain Grant many times; and once Margaret remembered seeing this lady; it was away back in her babyhood, but she had been kind to the motherless child, and Margaret was glad she had come again, though her sable robes told their own story.

Long after Margaret had gone to her bed in the little room above, she could hear their voices; this she thought very strange, as the old captain had been failing for a year, and never did the nine o'clock bell from the little chapel on the hill find him awake; early hours was the rule at the cottage; but at her window, dreaming, long after sleep, deep and solemn, brooded over the town, did Margaret spend many hours.

The thought of the little chapel brought other and brighter thoughts of the rector's handsome nephew, who taught the one school in the town. And this was the only bright spot in Margaret's dreary life. He took such trouble with the beautiful, thoughtful girl—taught her much, talked to her more, loaned her books suited to a mind like hers, made things clear to her, and in every way helped in the upward progress of a mind which he recognized as superior to those about it. And in Mark Trevor Margaret found that glimpse of a world so beautiful and bright. Poor child! she foolishly imagined that in the world beyond the little, dull town all men were as brave and true as Mark Trevor; and in the few months of his stay in the town she had learned another lesson than that of history, prose or poetry, and the teacher, too, proved an apt pupil in a lesson not taught from books.

In the morning, Margaret was surprised and pleased to be met with a smile and a kiss, and soon learned to know and love well "auntie," as Mrs. Arthur wished to be called; and between long lessons with Mark, and sweet chats with "auntie," her life was growing bright.

In a few weeks death visited the cottage, taking the captain as his victim. Never will Margaret forget the wild rolling eyes as he turned them upon Mrs. Arthur, and cried, "Eliza, do not forget the girl!"

The captain's wife returned to her brother, and Margaret was at last to find the realization of her dreams—a life in the city. Oh, she was so happy! perhaps she would find her father. Her mother, she knew, was dead, for her grave was long ago pointed out to her in the quiet churchyard, with the marble stone so cold and white, with only "Margaret, aged twenty years," inscribed thereon; and she had been told of the handsome stranger, who never took the least interest in the baby girl that he left with Captain Grant.

Did she wish to know the father? Ah, yes! the ties of nature are strong in a heart like Margaret's. But how could she leave Mark? She consoled herself by picturing the education she would acquire, and how proud Mark would be of her success.

Mark's blue eyes were misty and sad as he held the little hands and realized what he was losing; but not a cloud would be raised to blur the brightness of her skies, and, bidding her not to forget old friends in the excitement of her new life, with a calm face he parted with the happiness of his life.

* * * * * *

Four years had passed since Margaret Grant had found in Mrs. Arthur's palatial mansion the home for which she had always longed. She had been thoroughly educated, and now, after years of study, she was a finished lady.

Mr. Grant's son had not been at home once in the years that the house had been Margaret's home, neither could they tell when, if ever, he would return.

One night, Margaret was thinking of him. "Auntie," in looking over some old papers belonging to her brother, had dropped a miniature, and Margaret picked it up and encountered the great, sad eyes she had always pictured as her mother's. With a start she cried, "Oh, auntie, this is my mother's!" On the back of the picture she read, "Margaret, Venice, May 12."

Aunt Arthur was stricken dumb for the moment. She talked a long time with Margaret, who went to her room with swollen eyes and pallid cheeks.

The picture was given her, and one night in some freak she donned a dress as nearly resembling that of her mother as possible.

She stood in the full glow of the chandelier when the door opened to admit a gentleman, tall and handsome, whose silver hair was pushed from a brow wide and white. He looked up, stood as if spellbound, then grasped the nearest chair for support.

"Great Heaven, it is Margaret!"

In that moment Margaret Grant knew this man to be the stranger who had placed the stone at her mother's grave—her father. With wild eyes she started forward; but Mrs. Arthur entered, comprehending at a glance, and, taking Margaret's hand, said, "Robert, this is the daughter you deserted."

"It is false! I never deserted the child. Often, when that baby slept, I visited my brother, and provided for her comfort, till his wife told me she was dead, and showed me its grave."

Margaret started to her feet.

"Is this true? Then tell me of my mother!" she exclaimed, excitedly.

"Ours was a runaway match. Margaret Dean was the daughter of an Italian mother and an English gentleman, who intended her for a friend of his, whom she not only could not love, but whom she feared. I met the beautiful dark eyed girl, and we were married and spent our time in traveling until you were born. In two short years my beautiful pearl died, and I knew of no sweeter resting place than the quiet graveyard in the little country town where my brother lived. I dared not tell my father, knowing my brother's fate would be my own."

Oh, what a peace settled upon Margaret! Months passed, and she was the pride of all. Hers was too noble a nature to allow her to spend her time in vain pleasures alone. She visited the sick and afflicted, and the city hospitals furnished her opportunities in plenty. It was in such a place that she again met Mark Trevor; he was a physician now. He raised his blue eyes, and in one glance knew Margaret to be the same earnest, thoughtful girl, "unspotted from the world."

The sun shone brightly on the wedding-day of Mark Trevor and Margaret Grant. And with tender blessings she entered her new found world.

There is a man out West who says he knew a man to go out in the back yard to thaw out a pump, and the man was sunstruck before he could get his overcoat off, and before he could be carried into the house he froze stiff.

An undertaker in Texas calls himself a "mortuorion."

There are ten kinds of Baptists.

TO-DAY.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

Lo! here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of eternity
This new day is born;
Into eternity
At night will return.

Behold it aforetime,
No eye ever did;
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning,
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

CHAPTER XXIV.—(CONTINUED)

FRANK BEACHAM walked to the end of the garden, where he found Tom standing moodily by the gate, staring down the road, upon vacancy.

Without uttering a word, the brother of Lucy Beacham crept closely to his side, placed his hand in his, and pressed it fervently.

"Thank you, thank you," muttered Tom "I can't speak to you yet. I shall be better presently, but the blow has been a severe one. So sudden, so unlooked for."

"And I have inflicted it," exclaimed his friend in a tone of self reproach.

"It is not your fault. My own, all my own, and yet I acted as I thought for the best."

"If Lucy has deceived you," said Frank, "I shall hate her"

"Not a word, not a breath against your sister," interrupted his friend. "She never suspected my feelings towards her. I was so careful, so guarded. I thought it best to wait till I had passed, and was in a position to support her. My fatal prudence has destroyed me."

"Don't say that, Tom; pray don't say that"

"You acted much more wisely, Frank," continued the young lawyer. "Instead of toying with the cup of happiness, you grasped it, raised it like a sensible fellow to your lips, whilst I—fool! fool!"

For some time the two friends walked together in silence. It was an intense relief to the mind of her brother that Lucy had not acted with fickleness, had not trifled with the heart of his true friend.

"I wish you would get me my hat, Frank," said the latter.

"Your hat?"

"Yes. I had better return to town. I can't stay to cast a damp on your happiness. I am not so selfish as that"

"You selfish! oh——"

"Besides, Lizzy will only smile at me."

"Smile, Tom. I left her in tears. You spoke of my happiness. If you mean happy with my wife, I am truly so; if to any supposed satisfaction at Lucy's brilliant prospects, it has vanished since I have learnt the cruel price that must be paid for it. By heavens," added the speaker, "I would rather have seen her united to you, than to the noblest peer in England. You will go in with me?"

"No, no."

"Let me remain with you then. I will not utter another word unless you wish it; but I can't, I won't leave you in your sorrow. We have been too long friends, have passed too many happy hours together for that. Friendship has its rights as well as duties"

"As you will, Frank, as you will."

More than an hour elapsed before the speakers returned to the house. When they entered the little parlor, they found Lizzy seated weeping near the window. The instant she saw Tom Briarly, the kind-hearted girl, who had lately blushed and hesitated when her husband requested her to kiss his friend, threw her arms voluntarily round his neck without uttering a word She knew that silence was the most grateful sympathy.

It was the caress of a sister.

Frank Beacham thought his wife never looked so lovely as at that moment, and we question if she ever did.

There are moments in the life of every woman when the veil falls and the angel stands revealed in all the purity of Eden.

"Not a word of this mischief," said Tom when he bade his friend good-night, "to Lucy. It might cast a shade upon her happiness Promise me that."

"Most faithfully."

"And say," added the young lawyer, struggling for firmness, "that her old friend, Tom Briarly, wishes her every blessing a brother can wish to a sister."

"I will. Good-bye. God bless you."

There was a silent wringing of hands, and the friends parted.

At breakfast the following morning, Mr. Quarl could not avoid being greatly struck by the altered appearance of his nephew; his eyes were dull and heavy, as if he had passed a sleepless night, and his cheeks had lost the ruddy hue of health. He observed, too, that he ate like one who loathed his food, but made a violent effort to partake of it.

"Are you ill, Tom?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied the young man without regarding him

"No," repeated the lawyer. "What do you mean by not I say that you are ill, and I insist on you seeing a physician."

"A temporary indisposition. It will soon pass—a slight headache."

His relative thought, and with reason, that he looked more like one who had the heartache.

"No bad news of Frank, I trust?" he added, after a pause

"I found him very happy, sir, and grateful to you for all your kindness."

"Humph!" ejaculated the old man; a sure sign that he felt anything but satisfied.

"Heard from his father?"

"No."

"His sister."

"Miss Beacham is about to be married, sir," replied Tom, speaking deliberately to master his emotion, "to the Earl of Rialip. A brilliant match, but she is in every way deserving of it."

"And have you written to congratulate her?"

His nephew started.

"Ah!" said the lawyer, in the tone of a man upon whom a light had suddenly broke.

"I have not done that, sir," replied the disappointed lover of Lucy almost fiercely. "I have not done that."

For several minutes neither of them spoke.

"Tom," said Mr. Quarl, "you have been overworking yourself I ought to have noticed it before. You had better rest for a few days.

"Indeed I do not require it."

"But I say you do, and I insist upon your taking a holiday. Leave London for a week—a month if you find it necessary."

"You are very kind."

"Will you go to Wravcourt?"

"I would rather not go there."

"On the Continent, then?"

There was a second start and a look of pain, that confirmed the speaker in his opinion that the marriage of Lucy Beacham was the cause of his nephew's suffering.

"Go where you will," he added. "It is immaterial, provided you find change. That is the essential. I know it by experience."

"You, sir!"

"Strange, is it not?"

"I know not why it should be so," replied his nephew.

"Your surprise was only natural," observed his uncle. "The green sapling can scarcely comprehend that the gnarled and withered oak was ever weak and pliant as itself. Leave London," he repeated; "it is my wish—if necessary, my command. Travel over England. There are a thousand nooks and green lanes worthy of the wanderer's admiration. All I ask is that you write to me, Tom. Let me hear from you regularly. Spare no expense, no amount, no distraction. I can well afford, and you require it"

No further explanation passed between them. They understood each other; and that same day the nephew started for Scotland. It had long been his desire to visit Edinborough. Not that he contemplated remaining there. In his present mood he felt that he would much rather seek the Highlands, and hold communion face to face with Nature.

"Poor boy! poor boy!" murmured the lawyer when he saw him depart. "It is hard, very hard, the blight should fall in the spring of life; but he bears it bravely. Would I had known it sooner I trust the girl has not jilted him for a coronet. Of course she has," he added bitterly. "It is like the fickle sex—like them all."

Our readers must not forget that the speaker was a confirmed old bachelor. Most probably they may one day know the reasons that kept him one.

Although Mr. Quarl observed the most scrupulous delicacy to his nephew respecting his attachment to Lucy, he felt so much restraint with Frank, but questioned him plainly the first time he made his appearance at the office.

The explanation at once disabused him as far as the conduct of Lucy was concerned.

"But are you quite sure," he said, "that your sister did not reject him?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"Nor deceive him?"

"Still more certain," replied the brother. "Tom told me himself that he never gave her the slightest hint of his love for her. I wish he had, I wish he had. He feared you might object, and determined to wait till he had passed his examination."

"Poor lad! poor lad! he might have trusted me"

"I did not even suspect it myself," continued Frank. "Had Lucy deceived him I could never have loved her as a sister again."

Mr. Quarl expressed himself convinced, and muttered the word "fatality." A singular doctrine, if he really held it, for one of his profession.

The marriage of the Earl of Rialip created quite a sensation in the little capital of Schwineberg. The grand duke not only honored it with his presence, but requested that it should be celebrated in the chapel of the palace. Poor Lucy would much rather have preferred the English chapel, but Madame Pishert overruled her objections. Her pride, as well as affection for her young relative was gratified.

One point, however, she insisted on—that the ceremony should be performed by the British chaplain. German marriages, she said, might be all very well, but she had more faith in an English one: added to which, in the absence of Lucy's father, she felt her responsibilities.

"You are quite right," observed the Hon. Edward Berrington, whom she had consulted on the point. "Although a marriage celebrated by a Lutheran clergyman would be perfectly legal, one performed by the British chaplain in my presence is undisputably so, and we cannot be too careful"

On the appointed day Mrs. Berrington, who felt a warm interest in the bride, assisted at her toilet, and took her to the grand ducal chapel in her own carriage. Miss Charlton, still true to the dictates of pride, was present as one of the bridesmaids.

Of course it cost her an effort, which no one but her brother suspected.

At last the ceremony was over, every legal form gone through, the attestation of the English minister to the register appended, and Lucy Countess of Rialip.

Directly after the breakfast, which Mrs. Berrington insisted on giving at the embassy, to the intense disgust of the landlord of the Black Eagle, a carriage drove up to the door. The words of adieu were spoken, and the bride and bridegroom started on their wedding-tour to Italy.

Madame Pishert had returned to the hotel, tired out with the excitement of the day, when to her astonishment Mr. Beacham was announced. He had heard of the intended marriage, and travelled night and day to be present, and bitter were his expressions of disappointment.

"All your own fault," observed the lady. "I wrote to you. Lucy wrote to you. You should have left your address."

"Who is this Earl of Rialip?"

"A much better son-in-law than you deserve," replied Madame Pishert tartly, but not a whit too good for your daughter. Really, Mr. Beacham, you are a most ungrateful person. On the death of your wife, I took charge of Lucy. You never troubled yourself respecting her; never wrote to her. A brilliant marriage offered, and she married Who can blame her?"

"Have I no feelings to be consulted? No dignity to wound?"

"A great deal more dignity than feeling," observed his cousin; "and not much of either in the real sense of the word. Act like a reasonable being for once in your life Sleep upon it, and in the morning write an affectionate letter to Lucy and her husband."

"I must see them first."

"See them! nonsense."

"I tell you I must," repeated the gentleman

"Mr. Beacham," said the lady, "your conduct has been a paradox ever since I have known you You first neglect your child and then go into the most unreasonable heroics because she marries without your consent Was she to wait till you made your appearance? Everything is for the best, rely upon it. My conscience acquits me."

"What kind of man is Lord Rialip?"

"Most amiable, dignified, and amiable."

"I mean in person,"

"Handsome; tall; dark; good figure."

"He has a scar just here, close to the right eye."

The speaker placed his finger close to the spot near his own temple as he spoke.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Madame Pishert, greatly surprised. "Now you mention it, I recollect that he has. But how came you to know it?"

The father of Lucy smiled bitterly.

"What can a scar signify in a husband?" continued his cousin. "The essential is that Lord Rialip is not only a man of honor, but dotingly fond of Lucy and unusually rich."

"Compensation in that," replied Mr. Beacham. "I admit there is some compensation in that. I will write to them in the morning."

CHAPTER XXV.

SLEEP brings reflection, and reflection is sometimes a most beneficial adviser. Mr. Beacham found it so, for when he appeared at the breakfast table on the following morning his manner had entirely changed, the air of outraged parental dignity had disappeared, and he spoke of his daughter's marriage with complacency; nay, even went so far as to thank Madame Pishert for the prudence she had shown in bringing it to a happy conclusion

"It was kind of you," he observed, "very kind; poor Lucy had no mother to advise and direct her."

"Her mother," replied the lady, somewhat tartly, for she had not forgotten the scene of the preceding night, "was a most weak person—no character; no resolution; a mere automaton who moved and acted just as you pulled the wires. To think of her marrying you without making any settlement of her property! I should like to have seen the man," she added, "who would have persuaded me to such an act of folly."

Herr Pishert looked as if he would have liked to have known him too; possibly for the advantage of taking a lesson from him.

For some reason Mr. Beacham had a great distaste to entering on any discussion respecting the portion of his late wife, so he hastened to change the subject.

"I shall write to the earl and Lucy," he said.

"In a proper spirit, I trust," said the lady. "No mock heroics, no dignity—I mean, to your daughter. His lordship, as a man of the world, would merely laugh at them."

"I shall write as a parent ought. But you must allow, cousin, that my anger last night was nothing more than reasonable."

"I shall allow nothing of the kind. The match is far beyond anything you had a right to expect. Had Lucy remained with you, it never would have taken place. As for your feelings, I have no faith in them. It appears to me that you were only too anxious to get rid of both of your children."

"Madame!"

"The idea of placing Frank with that abominable Dr. Slop."

"He has left him."

"Glad to hear it."

"I have cast him off for ever," added Mr. Beacham.

"Another bad action," replied his cousin, with the most provoking calmness "Cast him off, indeed. What has the poor boy done?"

"Married without my consent"

"Did he know where to find you?"

"His conduct is not the less inexcusable. An ungrateful scoundrel!"

This, bye the-bye, was a favorite expletive with the father of Lucy and Frank.

"Like you men," exclaimed Madame Pishert, who certainly was greatly surprised by the intelligence. "No reason—no logic. You are about to write an affectionate letter to Lucy, although she married without your consent, because her husband is wealthy and a peer, I presume; and at the same time renounce her brother for the same offence. But I understand it: his wife is poor."

"A beggar."

"I thought so."

"Worse"

Madame pinched her lips together. She had taken a liking for poor Frank, but the feeling was not sufficiently strong to induce her to look over any impropriety of conduct on the part of his wife. She was a great stickler for female virtue.

"A ballet-girl," added her cousin, in a tone of utter disgust.

"Is that all?"

"All," repeated Mr. Beacham. "Could it have been worse?"

"Much." replied the lady positively. "Look you, I am not going to justify Frank, who appears to me to have committed a most inexcusable act of folly. But folly is not vice, neither does it always bring disgrace. As I have no faith in your judgment I shall suspend my own."

"Complimentary."

"I did not intend to be complimentary. I am only truthful."

"I will at once enable you to come to a conclusion respecting the wretched boy's conduct," said his father, handing her the letter Frank had written to announce his marriage, which had reached him at last. "Read, and then defend him if you can."

Madame Pishert put on her spectacles and perused the missive from beginning to end in the most business like manner; not content with that she referred to certain passages once or twice, then folded it methodically, and gave is back to him again.

"I trust you are satisfied," said the gentleman.

"Quite so, to find that his wife is good and virtuous," replied the lady. "Thrown as they were together, and friendless as the girl appears to have been, it was only natural they should fall in love"

"Love! ridiculous!"

"Without an estate, you mean. I am perfectly aware, Mr. Beacham, that you would never have committed such an act of imprudence, but recollect we are not all calculating machines. Where would you have been if his poor mother had thought as you think? It is his property, I believe, that——"

The gentleman turned impatiently aside. Somehow he never would listen to any observation or discussion respecting his late wife's property.

"I shall write to Frank," the lady continued.

"Tell him I renounce him."

"Send your unnatural, disagreeable messages yourself," replied his cousin.

The eccentric but really kind-hearted

woman kept her word, and many a time in Frank's after struggles through life he found the purse and heart of Madame Pishert open to him.

Mr. Beacham's letters of congratulation to his daughter and her husband on their marriage were written in the most affectionate tone, assuring them that he waited impatiently for the moment when he might once more press his darling Lucy to his heart and bestow upon her his blessing.

In due time the reply arrived. Lady Rislip's was full of praise of her husband's conduct, and assurances of her happiness; the earl's, as a matter of course, was not so demonstrative, but nothing appeared wanting on the score of politeness. He thanked his father-in-law for his good wishes, and informed him that himself and bride were about to prolong their tour to Egypt and the Holy Land, for which countries they started in a week. The letters were dated Naples.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Madame Pishert when she heard the news. "What can take them there? I wish I had known it sooner. How I should have liked to have gone with them."

Her cousin smiled bitterly and left the room. A few days afterwards he returned to England.

Two years elapsed before any intelligence was heard of the Earl and Countess of Rislip, and then only indirectly, when it was reported they were in Paris.

We must not, however, anticipate events.

It is time for us to return to the Berringtons.

Few persons would have recognised in the grave and thoughtful wife of the representative of England at the little Court of Schwineberg the once gay-spirited Clara Bouchier. In society it was quietly whispered that she was mad. Of course the report did not reach her ears—such reports rarely do—and the conduct of her husband and sister-in-law tended to confirm it.

Not that they were unkind or ever appeared to thwart her. The gentleman treated her with dignified politeness and cold formality; between them an impassable gulf appeared to have yawned, and Elizabeth Berrington, who could have bridged it over by a candid confession of her treachery, was not the woman to sacrifice herself or her brother's opinion. She had chosen the path of crime and found retreat impossible.

To the injured wife the explanation of their singular conduct was in the conviction of her husband's insanity. More than once she had quitted her solitary chamber to listen at the door of his room to his ravings. She could not doubt it; everything conspired to prove it.

One singularity struck her; frequently as she had written to Dr. Bray, and her friends at Wraycourt, not one of them had replied to her.

Her letters could not have miscarried, at least she believed not. Were they not sent in the bag of embassy, under diplomatic seal, through the Foreign office?

Poor Clara! she had much to learn.

Such was the position of affairs when the Hon. Mr. Berrington received a summons from the Minister of Foreign Affairs to come to London; a treaty cemented with the Zulman or a royal marriage, immaterial which, required his presence.

His wife asked to accompany him, but was refused, on the plea that his visit would not last more than two days—the state of her health—any reason short of the truth.

On the departure of her husband, Percy Murray, the old secretary of legation, became minister plenipotentiary *pro tem*. The distinction was merely an honorary one, but the gentleman took it seriously. He was a diplomat of the old school, deeply versed in precedents and etiquette, and as skilful in unraveling a court intrigue as a parish school girl with her knitting-needles.

The old gentleman had grown grey in the service—true, it was not a very laborious or important one—and according to rules of promotion ought to have been appointed minister, and would have been had not the superior interest of the Hon. Edward Berrington obtained it. True to his principles, the secretary made no complaint, received his rival with simple courtesy, and continued to fill the duties of office with the most exemplary regularity, while his heart was all the while filled with bitter resentment of the injustice of which he considered himself a victim.

It was only natural, therefore, that Percy Murray should enjoy the brief authority which the absence of his principal conferred on him.

Elizabeth Berrington smiled at the ceremony with which he caused himself to be announced every morning when he made his call. It was always, "His excellency the British minister." Had the assumption been limited to that one little display, she might have pardoned him, but the provoking old gentleman insisted on opening the letter-bag with his own hands. To her repeated request he quietly but firmly refused to give her the key.

"What can it signify?" she argued.

"Not much. But it is the rule."

"A very stupid one."

The diplomat bowed.

"Why not oblige me?"

"Because I am answerable to the government at home. State secrets——"

"Ridiculous," interrupted the lady angrily. "As if I were not acquainted with the miserable trifling you call diplomacy."

Nothing would do. Elizabeth Berrington found it impossible to shake him. So she wrote an angry letter to her brother. Not that she anticipated any danger; all Clara's former friends appeared to have forgotten her.

From a variety of circumstances Mr. Percy Murray had long suspected that the correspondence of Mrs. Berrington was systematically kept back. Of course he had not the slightest idea of the motive, although he resolved if an opportunity occured to thwart it.

"That absurd person again," exclaimed Elizabeth Berrington, as the groom of the chambers announced, "The British minister." "I shall be very glad when Edward returns to end his folly; it is really becoming insufferably like the frog in the fable. Everyone laughs at it."

"And yet it is very harmless," observed her sister-in-law. "With all his eccentricity and self-impatience. Mr. Murray is a gentleman."

"Say an idiot, rather."

The next minute the artful woman was shaking hands with the object of her contempt, to all outward appearance most cordially.

"Any letters, your excellency?" she asked.

A packet was placed in her hand.

Mrs. Berrington had so invariably met the same reply, that she no longer inquired if there were any for her.

"My brother will return in a week," said her sister-in-law.

"To undo my greatness," exclaimed the visitor good humoredly.

The lady smiled. One piece in the letter had gratified her: Percy Murray, having served his full time as secretary of legation, was to be superceded, on a pension of course. The Hon. Edward Berrington had accomplished his revenge so far.

Having paid his usual compliments to Clara, their visitor descended to the chancellery of the legation to transact the business of his office, and Elizabeth Berrington an hour later left the hotel on her usual round of visits. No sooner had she taken her departure, than the wily diplomat returned to the drawing-room, where he found Clara reading.

"Do I intrude?" he asked.

"Not in the slightest."

"I am an old man, Mrs. Berrington," he said, "and have seen much of the world. The lessons it teaches us, unfortunately, are not always the best."

The lady looked surprised.

"I am about to ask you rather a singular question. Pray do not be offended at my frankness, but answer me. Have you any reason to suspect that all letters from your friends in England are suppressed?"

Such a suspicion had frequently struck her, but had been discarded as something too mean, too degrading, since only one person could have been guilty of such baseness—her husband.

"I see by your look that you have," added the speaker, watching her narrowly. "I found this letter for you in the bag and resolved to give it to you in private."

"Thanks! oh, thanks!" exclaimed Mrs. Berrington, clasping it.

"If my surmises have been groundless, pardon me for the motive."

"I am most grateful."

"Do not read it yet," said the gentleman, perceiving that she was about to break the seal. "If an old man may presume to give you advice you will peruse it in your own room, the door locked against intruders and witnesses. It may be of importance," he added, "that you having received it remain a secret."

"You are very kind, very good. Yes, yes, it will be best. Have you any idea——"

"Not the slightest," interrupted Percy Murray. "How should I?"

"Pray pardon me, the question was most absurd."

Not quite so absurd as she imagined, it was just possible that in the hurry of business the wily diplomat had opened it, mistaking it for one of his own.

We do not assert this.

"The hint I have ventured to give you is by way of precaution."

"I understand it so."

Satisfied that he had accomplished some mischief, without exactly knowing what, the gentleman took his leave, and Clara hastened to her own room to peruse the letter.

It proved to be from her old friend Dr. Bray, reproaching her for her cruel silence, and entreating an answer to the numerous epistles he had sent.

The lip of Mrs. Berrington curled scornfully at this proof of her husband's baseness.

"If you did not care to answer the letter of an old fellow like myself," continued the writer, "I think you ought to have replied to that of Miss Gurtha Bouchier, written in so womanly a spirit on hearing of your dear father's death. I cannot understand you; you must be sadly changed."

"Sadly, indeed," murmured Clara, glancing at herself in the mirror, "but not the heartless ungrateful being they have made me appear. What is this?"

Well might she ask herself the question when the concluding paragraph of the letter caught her eye.

It ran thus:

"Your son Alwyn must be a sturdy little fellow by this time. I trust you do not spoil him by too much indulgence. Of course you will say no."

It was fortunate that Mrs. Berrington had followed Percy Murray's advice and secluded herself in her chamber against all intrusion. So great was the surprise, the shock, that for nearly an hour she remained insensible upon the floor, and the letter clutched in her hand.

"Have I been dreaming," she murmured faintly when reason slowly returned. "I have dreamt something like this before, but never so vividly. It is no dream. My boy! my boy! does he yet live? This is cruel, cruel; have they no pity, no remorse. God, what have I yet to learn!"

One thing was quite evident, no one at Wraycourt had heard of her son's death.

The first impulse of the distracted mother was to seek her sister-in-law and demand an explanation, the next to fly to England and ascertain the truth herself. Reflection, however, told her that the first would be useless. Elizabeth Berrington had no heart to move, and for flight the poor creature had not even the means. The miserable allowance her husband made her was expended in charity, and she was too proud to remonstrate or ask for more.

"I must be patient," she thought. "Yes, Murray was right, patient; but, oh, how hard to dissimulate when the soul revolts at the shadow of untruth. The motive," she added, "must justify me."

The following morning the unhappy Clara made her appearance in the breakfast-room to all outward seeming as calm and apathetic as usual, and yet the greater part of the night had been passed in an agony of tears, or writing to her only friend a statement of the treachery by which her correspondence had been tampered with—in short, everything that had occurred since she quitted England.

The letter concluded with a heart-rending appeal to ascertain the fate of her child.

In the course of the day she contrived to have a second interview with Percy Murray, to whom she confided her reply.

"You will forward it to England," she said.

"Most securely, my dear Madame," replied the diplomat. "I perceive that something painful, very painful, has occurred; my surpicions were not without reason."

"Ample reason."

"I knew your father," he continued, "and am acquainted with some portion of his history. He was an honorable man. Pardon my curiosity, but I never heard the circumstances which led to your union with Mr. Berrington."

Clara related them, together with the wretched story of her wedded life; the misery she had endured; the horrible doubts which haunted her respecting the existence of her son.

"This explains much that would otherwise appear inexplicable in the conduct of your husband," observed the diplomat gravely. "Are you aware that the general impression in Schwineberg is that you are insane? It has been cleverly and carefully spread by those, I regret to add, who should have been the first to repel the imputation—indignantly repel it."

"If you mistake Edward I fear, I almost hope—for nothing else can palliate his cruelty—has not his perfect reason."

"Are you serious?"

"Quite."

"Dispel the illusion, dear Mrs. Berrington, once and for ever; a cooler brain does not exist than your husband's. He is no more mad than I am."

"Heaven forgive him, then."

Percy Murray did not say Amen; possibly because he had made up his mind not to forgive him.

"Bye-the-bye," he added, "in looking over the archieves of the legation a few days since, I discovered a document which, as it relates to a member of your family, may have some interest for you."

"To my family?"

"Yes. It is the certificate of the death of Bernard Bouchier, a youth fifteen years of age, son of Humphry and Dame Elizabeth Bouchier of Wraycourt. I forgot to mention it before. But what is this? you appear greatly agitated. I trust there is nothing to distress you in the discovery."

"My poor, poor father!"

"You mistake. The certificate relates to a death that took place more than a century since, and cannot in any way relate to your parent."

"Had it been discovered sooner, it would have made him a peer of England," "said Mrs. Berrington sadly. "Baron Eastcott." It was the one link wanting in the chain of evidence to establish his claims. It is valueless now," she added, "except to vindicate his memory."

"I remember the circumstances," said the gentleman. "The case came before the House of Lords, and excited great interest at the time. Strange that the only proof wanting to secure a peerage should have been lying unnoticed in the archives of the legation to which your husband was appointed."

"Accident," said Mrs. Berrington abstractedly. She was thinking of her child.

"I am no believer in accidents," replied Percy Murray "there must have been some design. The hand of Providence is in it, and this discovery——"

"Came too late."

"I am not so sure of that; with your permission I will retain it till you have reflected on the subject."

"As you please."

Clara's letter to her old friend Dr. Bray reached its destination in safety, and great was the astonishment of the worthy man on receiving it. It explained much that appeared incomprehensible, but opened a still wider field for conjecture. He had retired from his profession, which he had never followed as a means of gain, having an ample fortune of his own.

"I always thought there was something exceedingly odd about Edward Berrington," he muttered. "He must be insane. Dead! The boy is more dead than I am, though what his father's motive can be for spreading the report would puzzle an Œdipus to tell. I have it," he exclaimed; "the settlement of estate. Poor Alwyn! the crotchet that ruined him is destined to exercise a fatal influence on his descendants."

On ordering his carriage, the excellent man started to pay a visit to his old friend and patient, Miss Gurtha Bouchier, who, although far advanced in years, retained unimpaired the keen intellect with which Providence had blessed her.

"News," he said, on entering her breakfast room. "A letter at last from Mrs. Berrington."

"I must beg you not to mention that lady's name to me," replied his old friend, drawing herself up stiffly; "after the treatment I have received I take no further interest in hearing it."

"Impulsive as ever," exclaimed her visitor.

"Have I not reason?"

"You believe you have, and that to a lady is much the same thing. You and I have known each other too many years not to speak plainly to each other. At the risk of offending you I must read the extraordinary communication I have received."

"I will not listen to it."

"Excuse me, Miss Bouchier, but you shall. A bold word, is it not, to a woman so resolute as yourself? but a very few words will explain it. Clara never received your letters or mine."

His hearer gave an incredulous smile.

"These letters have been suppressed."

"Absurd! With what motive?"

"That you shall assist me to find out, if possible and expose. Miss Bouchier," he added, "I am neither in my dotage, nor quite an idiot. I believe every word the poor girl has written; strange as they are, they bear the impress of truth. Now, will you listen to me, or go down to your grave with another act of injustice to load your memory with?"

Thus solemnly adjured by an old friend, and one whom she respected, the aged spinster no longer refused to listen to the letter. As Dr. Bray proceeded, her attention became fixed, then deeply interested, and by the time he had concluded, her tears fell fast.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HUMAN THEWS.—The scientific manner in which the native robbers in India prepare for their raids shows a thorough knowledge of the dangers of their calling, and the best guards against them. When their dusky bodies are least observable they remove their clothes, anoint themselves with oil, and with a single weapon, a keen-edged knife suspended from their neck, creep and steal like shadows noiselessly through the darkness. If detected, their greasy and slippery bodies assist them in eluding capture, while their razor-bladed knife dexteriously severs the wrist of any detaining hand. But the most ingenious device to escape capture is that shown by the Bheel robbers. It often happens that a band of these robbers are pursued by mounted Englishmen, and unable to reach the jungle, find themselves about to be overtaken upon one of those open plains which have been cleared by fire, the only shelter in sight being the blackened trunks or leafless branches of small trees that perished in the flames. For men so skilled in posturing this is shelter enough. Quickly divesting themselves of their scanty clothing, they scatter it with their plunder in small piles, covering them with their round shields so that they have the appearance of lumps of earth and attract no attention. This accomplished, they snatch up a few sticks, throw their body into a contorted position, and stand or crouch immovable until their unsuspicious enemies have galloped by. When all is safe they quickly pick up their spoil and proceed upon their way.

The beer-drinker often thinks of foam.

Cousin Ben.

BY F. L. P.

"VISITORS!" exclaimed Kate Bennett, impatiently, as she laid aside the book she had been reading, and in which she had been deeply interested, and took the cards which the servant presented.

"Dear me, how provoking! Just as I am in the most exciting part of the story—and that pert, disagreeable Emily Archer, too," she added, reading one of the cards; "who else, I wonder?"

Was there magic in that simple bit of pasteboard, incribed with only two words, "Richard Warren!" It would almost seem to be so, so instantaneous did her countenance change.

As she entered the drawing-room, and greeted her guests with all that grace and elegance of manner for which she was distinguished, Emily Archer surveyed her with rapid, critical glance; but dress, as well as manner, was faultless.

"It must be confessed that Kate Bennett enters a room like a queen," she thought, with a pang of envy and jealousy, as in Richard Warren's face she read undisguised admiration of the lovely girl standing before them.

If Kate, with her classical features, queenly dignity, elegant figure, and exquisite taste, at first sight threw her rival in the shade, Emily's piquant style and sprightly conversation were by many preferred to Kate's statuesque beauty.

It was impossible to decide which was the lovelier—each had her adherents and admirers—but as they were equally numerous, it seemed probable that the season would draw to a close without the all-important decision of the question, which had been the belle.

Just at this time Richard Warren returned from Europe. The arrival of so undeniably elegant and handsome a gentleman was an event; all the fashionable world was in a flutter, and the rivals saw at once that the important epoch had arrived.

She whose claim he advocated, whom he favored with his admiration, would at once stand upon the precarious pinnacle of belleship, though their tactics were entirely different.

Emily brought to bear upon him the batteries of her sprightly wit, while Kate adroitly laid the mine of apparently queenly indifference.

As yet, though it was evident that Richard admired both, his preference was not known—perhaps he hardly knew himself which one he thought the most charming.

But during this exposition of the claims of the rivals, a lively conversation had been going on. The last new novel and the opera had been discussed, as well as some of their mutual friends; and in the midst of some wickedly witty remarks of Emily upon a would be fashionable lady, a loud voice was heard in the hall. It came nearer the door, and the words could be distinctly understood.

"You no brained, impudent jackanapes, I'll teach you manners; I'll make you laugh on t'other side of your mouth."

The door was was flung open, and in walked a tall, athletic young man, whose really fine form was disguised in an ill-fitting suit of evidently domestic manufacture, and stood for a moment awkwardly looking round him; then, hastily approaching Kate, he flung his arms around her, and gave her a loud smack on the cheek.

She withdrew herself quickly and haughtily from his embrace.

"Sir!" said she, with freezing dignity.

"Law! don't you know who I be?" exclaimed the new-comer, in no wise disconcerted. "Wall, now, I do actually believe that you've forgot me. Don't yer know yer cousin Ben? Ye see, I don't like farmin' no how ye can fix it, so I quit that and come to the city. Jim Simpson was down to our place, and he's doing fust rate here. He said it was dreadful hard to get a start in the city, but I guess I ain't going to slump through where he gets ahead. I'll risk it, anyhow."

Catherine, at the commencement of this speech, had alternately flushed and paled, that Warren and Emily Archer should have been witnesses of such a scene. She caught a triumphant glance from Emily. It restored her pride.

With all the grace of which she was a mistress, she turned to the new-comer:

"You must excuse me, Cousin Ben," she said; "I had forgotten you. A few years make a change, and I can hardly retrace in your countenance a feature that reminds me of the lad who went nutting with me in the dear old woods of Hampton. Allow me, Miss Archer," turning to her, "to introduce to you my cousin, Mr. Adams—Mr. Warren, Mr. Adams," and with a perfect composure she saw his awkward bow and scrape.

Mr. Warren, like a gentleman, as he was, addressed some remarks to Mr. Adams, on subjects with which he was familiar, and shortly after he, with Miss Archer, took leave.

No sooner had they done so than she began, with all her powers of sarcasm, as Kate had foreseen, to ridicule the scene they had witnessed.

Mr. Warren's smile seemed but absent.

"I had no idea that the Bennett's had such vulgar relations," continued Emily, knowing well that the fastidious Richard Warren would consider this a serious objection to the woman of his choice. "Notwithstanding all Kate Bennett's elegance, there is a certain something in the family that betrays low blood."

"Yes," returned Warren, hardly knowing what he said, and feeling that she had gained one point, Emily walked on in the best possible spirits, internally triumphing over the discomfiture of her rival.

That evening, at the opera, who should be at Katie's side but cousin Ben; dressed in taste, and evidently much interested in the performance. At the parties, too, he was her attendant, and this open acknowledgment of her relations quite blunted the point of Emily's satires. Mr. Bennett assisted the youth to a situation, and very soon his rusticity wore off. He had both good looks and good sense. Under his cousin's judicious training he very soon did her no discredit.

Emily Archer saw all and bit her lips in vexation. She could not but acknowledge the superiority of Kate's strategy, and she had triumphed in the event which she hoped would humiliate her.

From that time Richard Warren was her constant attendant, and ere long he had only acknowledged his preference by offering his heart and hand.

"Kate," he said, shortly after her betrothal, "I shall never cease to thank Cousin Ben for giving me my bride. I admired you as a belle, but his coming and your reception of him proved that you was something better than a fine lady—that you were a true woman, blest with the greatest of all attractions, a heart. Confess that you owe him a debt of gratitude.

* * * * *

Many years have passed. In the sober matron, Mrs Warren, one would hardly recognised the dashing belle Kate Bennett.

Blest with wealth, a cheerful home a fond husband and loving children, she had lived a happy life, and time had but increased the attachment of the wedded pair. But cloudless as her life had been, a storm was gathering. Her husband, always cheerful, grew moody, restless and unhappy. She tried in vain to discover the cause of his gloom, but he only made evasive replies to her inquiries, and could only guess at his troubles; that they were connected with his business she imagined. Her surmises were correct.

He entered the room one day where she was sitting, and exclaimed, flinging himself on the sofa—

"Kate, we are ruined. In vain I have struggled for weeks past; it is useless to attempt it longer. To-day I shall be known as a bankrupt—penniless and worse than penniless. In trying to double my fortune I have lost it all. You and my children are beggars."

With soothing words the wife tried to console him; but alas, he paid little heed to her efforts.

Just then a servant entered saying that a gentleman wished to see Mr. Warren.

"Tell him that I cannot," replied his master.

"But you will," replied a cheerful voice, and a gentleman closely followed the servant as he entered.

"How is this, my dear Dick?" he said; "you are in trouble, and did not apply to me; that was not right. I had heard rumors of this, Dick, and went to your office to see you; as you were not there, I followed you here. You have two hours yet before bank hours are over. Here is a blank check; fill it up yourself, and it shall be duly honored. Repay at your convenience. No thanks; it is only a loan. I know your business well, and that in a little time, with perhaps a little assistance, all will be right again."

Totally overcome, Richard could only grasp his friend's hand, while his eyes filled with an unwonted moisture.

"How can we ever thank you, dearest cousin Ben?" cried Kate. "How can we ever repay you?"

"Tut, tut, Kate; I am only discharging a part of a debt I owe you, my dear girl. I owe all I possess—all I am—to you. When I first came here, a raw, ignorant, awkward country booby, you were not ashamed of me. You took me cordially by the hand, influenced your father to assist me, and more than all, by unvarying kindness offering me a home and innocent amusements in your society, kept me out of many temptations that beset a lonely, inexperienced lad, such as without you I should have been. Good-bye," he now added, as Warren disappeared, kissing the tears from Kate's cheek, "and be assured that Ben Adams, the millionaire, has never forgotten, and will try and repay your kindness to your poor and awkward cousin."

"I am richly repaid," she muttered. "How little I dreamed, long ago, that twice in my life I should owe my highest happiness to the trifling acts of kindness toward my good cousin."

A selfish man—The fish dealer.

Scientific and Useful.

SICK HEADACHE.—This complaint is the result of eating too much and exercising too little. Nine cases out of ten the cause is the fact that the stomach was not able to digest the food last introduced into it, either from its having been unsuitable, or excessive in quantity. A diet of bread and butter, with ripe fruit or berries, with moderate and continuous exercise in the open air sufficient to keep up a gentle perspiration, would cure almost every case in a short time. Two teaspoonfuls of powdered charcoal in a half glass of water, and drunk, often gives relief.

THE SPRAY NOZZLE.—In the initial stage of a fire, before anything has got heated beyond the burning material, a spray nozzle is the most effective in subduing the flames. The water is easily distributed and every drop fully utilized; whereas with the jet nozzle a great quantity is inevitably wasted. When this is the case, it is exceedingly unfortunate, as for the first few minutes there is apt to be a scarcity, when every drop is of almost inestimable value, and most precious moments are comparatively lost, during which the fire is strengthening its hold.

NUMBERING LIGHTHOUSES.—An old idea recently revived is that every lighthouse have its own number, continually repeated, either by light or sound, as long as necessary. Thus, if the lighthouse was numbered 73, there would be during foggy weather seven blasts at short intervals, then a pause; then three blasts, and a longer pause; after which the same would be repeated as long as the fog lasted. The number of the lighthouse could be given in 30 seconds. As the lighthouse on either side would be arranged with numbers not having the same digits, (say, for example, 25 and 45,) the counting of one digit would in most cases indicate the lighthouse, and the counting of the second would afford a check and give positive assurance of the correctness of the observation if it was found to tally with the number given on the chart. Its value to mariners is readily seen.

HOW SCREWS ARE MADE.—The rough, large wire in big coils is, by drawing through a hole smaller than itself, made the size needed. Then it goes into a machine that at one movement cuts it a proper length, and makes a head on it. Then it is put into sawdust and "rattled," and thus brightened. Then the head is shaved down smoothly to the proper length and the nick put in at the proper time. After "rattling" again in sawdust, the thread is cut by another machine, and after another rattling and thoroughly drying, the screws are assorted by hand, grossed by weight, and packed for shipping. That which renders it possible for machines to do all this is a little thing that looks like and opens and shuts like a goose's bill, which picks up a single screw at a time, carries it where needed, holds it until grasped by something else, and returns for another. It does its work at the rate of 31 screws a minute.

FIREWORKS.—Red fire, which is most largely used in them, has for its body nitrate of strontia, and this is mixed with chlorate of potash, sulphur, sulphuret of antimony and powdered charcoal,—or, in place of the last three articles shellac is often employed. Strontia is usually imported in a crude state, and ground by the wholesale druggists. It varies in value according to demand from 20 to 75 cents per pound. For green fire, the ingredients are nitrate of baryta, sulphur, chlorate of potash, calomel, and lampblack. The blue fire is made of chlorate of potash, sulphur and ammoniated copper; but, owing to its cost, is little used. Roman candles are manufactured of meal powder, saltpetre, sulphur and glass dust. Each candle is made in layers, each layer of powder serving to shoot out of the paper tube the brilliant ball. The composition for rockets is made of saltpetre, sulphur and charcoal, and the Chinese fire for rockets by adding to this iron or steel filings. "Golden rain" is made by adding brass filings, sawdust and powdered glass. These are the bases of all fireworks.

Farm and Garden

STUNTED LAMBS.—A neglected, poorly-fed, stunted lamb never recovers, however well-fed afterward, so as to make as good and as large a sheep as it would, had it had proper care early. Feed the ewes so that they can supply the lambs with plenty of milk.

CARBOLIC ACID FOR WEEDS.—An exchange says: We have found upon trial that crude carbolic acid in the measure of two tablespoonfuls to a half-pail of water will kill weeds in garden walks. Apply with a watering-pot. It must not come in contact with grass or flower borders. Weeds in lawns maybe killed by a drop or two of undiluted carbolic or strong sulphuric acid poured into the crown of the plant.

CONDUCT OF PLANTS.—The varying behaviors of plants are interesting subjects of scientific study. The common water-cress has made its way over many parts of the world. In our country it dies down to the earth every year, making an entirely new growth, with flowers, every year. In Australia it continues to grow, making a stem often as thick as one's wrist. In some parts of the West Indian Islands it has never been known to flower at all.

CURE FOR THRUSH.—Keep the horse on a dry floor. Remove all detached and decayed parts of the frog, but with care not to injure sound parts or draw blood. By means of a blunt-pointed, small, flat stick of wood, clear out all matter and dirt from the cleft, and by the same means insert, once a day, a portion of powdered sulphate of zinc, or powdered sugar of lead, or calomel, and cover the same with a wad of oakum or tow dipped in tar. It is best to keep the horse shod, especially if he is lame.

PRESERVING POSTS.—Wood that is exposed to the action of water or let into the ground should first be charred and then, before it has entirely cooled, be treated with tar until the wood has been thoroughly impregnated. The acetic acid and oils contained in tar are evaporated by the heat and resin left behind, which penetrates the pores of the wood and forms an air-tight and water-proof envelope. It is important to impregnate the posts a little above the line of exposure, for here it is that the action of decay affects the wood first and where the break always occurs when removed from the earth or strained in testing.

Card collectors please buy seven bars Dobbins' Electric Soap of any grocer and write Cragin & Co., Philad'a, Pa., for seven cards gratis, six colors, and gold, Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man." Ordinary price, 25 cts.

New Publications.

The latest issue of the popular "No Name" series, issued by Roberts Bros., Boston, like all the rest, is of more than ordinary merit as a novel. The interest begins with the first paragraph, and is maintained with increasing ardor unto the close. The construction of the plot, its development, the sketching of character and language, all show a perception of the highest requirements of the story-writer. There is not, from first to last, a single page that can be called dull. There is so much written falling short even of mediocrity, that when a tale of more than the average character appears, the difference is pleasantly felt at once. Such a book is "Don John." It is almost certain to please all lovers of good fiction, and is no unworthy successor of those that have preceded it in its class. It is elegantly printed and bound in embossed green covers. Lippincott & Co. have the book for sale.

Novels interesting in every respect to the average reader are no longer rare. Every day adds to the number, and enlarges the bounds of the reader's choice. It now happens that no matter where he chooses he will find his choice seldom other than satisfactory. A new work, that must take a good place in this circle, is "Queen's's Whim." These wholike excellent language, dialogue, description, equally with those who take most pleasure in the charms of interesting plot and good character-drawing, will find this attractive. We can recommend it as a story that cannot fail to please. Published by Lippincott & Co. Stiff paper backs. Price, 75 cents.

MAGAZINES.

Among the contents of Lippincott's Magazine for March are: "Six Months in a Country-House in Russia," by Alain Gore, which gives an experience such as very few American Travelers have ever had the good fortune to enjoy. The article on "The Diamond Mines of South Africa," by E. B. Biggar, brings down the history of these remarkable discoveries to a recent date, and heightens the subject with the aid of five illustrations. "Moose-Hunting," by "Cannuck," also illustrated, is a vivacious account of the sport as practised in Nova Scotia. "My China Boys," by Fanny Fanny Stevenson, is not only very amusing, but presents some types of Chinese character not familiar to more casual observers. Phebe D. Nutt gives an account of "The Paris Art Schools," which must interest many readers. Dr Charles W. Dulles discusses the "Physical Uses of Pain," and Charles Burr Todd describes "The American Newgate," an underground prison in Connecticut, once famous, but now known only to the local antiquary. "Lilith," the short and somewhat melo-dramatic serial which has attracted so much attention, is concluded in this number. There are two spirited short stories—"The Kid," and "A Law of Nature"—and a capital sequel to the Shakspearian burlesque, "Place aux Dames," which was published in Lippincott's some years ago. Another short serial, with the quaint title of "Craque-o'-Doom," will be commenced in the April number. The departments are of the usual interest and value. Lippincott & Co., publishers, Philada. Price, 25 cents a number.

Among the contents of the current number of the Journal of Medical Science are articles on "Antero-Lateral Sclerosis," by Andrew Fleming, of Pittsburg; "Cæsarean Section, with Removal of Uterus and Ovaries after the Porro Muller Method," by Elliott Richardson, of Philada; "Gastric Remittent Fever of Infants and Young Persons," by F. Peyre Porcher of S. C.; "Amaurosis from Lesion of the Eyebrow or Orbital Region, by J. Santos Fernandes, of Havana; "The Causes and Treatment of Metrorrhagia," by Rudolph Sanszky; "On the Action of Carbolic Acid upon Ciliated Cells and White Blood Cells," by T. Mitchell Pruden; "Extensive Scalding from Prolonged Exposure to Steam at High Temperature," by Norman H. Chayman; "Accidental and Sudden Dislocation of the Liver, with Recovery," by Alex. Y. P. Garnett, of Washington; "The Value of Homatropine Hydro-bromate in Opthalmic Practice," by S. D. Risley, of Phila.; "Perityphlitis in Children, Illustrating Points in the Diffrent Diagnosis of Hip Disease," by V. P. Gibney, of New York; "On a Magnetic Probe for the Detection of Iron Missiles Lodged in the Tissues," by J. H. Hill, U. S. A.; "The Antiseptic Catgut Ligature," by Lewis A. Stimson, of New York; and others. This is equal in merit to any publication of the kind in the world. Henry C. Lea, publisher, Philada.

Appleton's Journal, which is among the best of magazines, for March, offers the following select list of contents: "Scotch Orthodoxy and Modern Thought," "Adventures in Patagonia," "The Veterans of Yesterday," "Suwarrow," "The Criterion of Poetry," by Peter Bayne; "On Some of Shakspeare's Female Characters," (1.) Ophelia, by Helena Faucit Martin; "Tennyson's New Drama;" "George Eliot;" "Orlando's Revenge," by Barnet Phillips; "Some Recent Novels;" Washington Square—The Trumpet Major—Dr. Wortle's School—A Dreamer—Under Sidey-Ran—The Rebel of the Family—Mary Marston—My Marriage—He that Will Not When He May—Love and Life—The Hour Will Come—The Head of Medusa; "Goist's Grave," a poem, by Matthew Arnold. Editor's Table: Shakespeare and Bacon—Have Women Intuitions?—The External and Internal in Art. Notes for Readers. Single number, 25 cents. Yearly subscription, $3 00. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, 1, 3, and 5 Bond Street, New York.

The Edinburgh Review for January contains a series of articles full of value and interest to the general reader. Its matter is always of the best, and shows the most advanced thought of the day. Among those papers of particular interest to which we may refer are: "Memoirs of Prince Metternich," "The Navies of the World," "Jacob Van Arteveld, the Brewer of Ghent," "Endymion," "Dr. Caird on the Philosophy of Religion," "Lavalette's Italy as it is," "Army Reform," "Grove's Dictionary of Music," "Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea," "England and Ireland," etc., etc. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York. Received from Wm. B. Zieber.

Potter's American Monthly for February is finely illustrated, and presents an attractive list of contents. This includes "An Excursion to the Rocky Mountains," "A Rural Home," "Tennyson's Poems," "A High-heeled Shoe," "Hector Berlioz," "Art Needlework," "Launching a Ship," "In Winter Time," "Fontainebleau," "The House that Jack Built," "A Fictitious Letter," "A Golden Legend," "Bear and Share," "Knitted Work," "The Snow bird," and many others. These embrace miscellaneous articles, poems, short stories, etc., and the different departments will also be found to contain much that will please and improve. J. E. Potter & C., publishers.

The heart ought to give charity when the hand cannot.

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720 Sansom St., Philada.

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 5, 1881.

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ALL IN A MOMENT

It is the moment, more than anything else in human affairs, that decides the destinies of men. A moment comes in every young man's life when his existence, present and future, will be permanently colored by his determination. That is not so bold a statement as the truth would bear, but it will answer our purpose. And no man shall say that time is not just, for it will present to every civilized being an opportunity to make a right determination, and when this is strictly adhered to it will bring a certain degree of success, probably fortune, and perhaps even fame.

One may not be conscious that for the moment he holds the precious key to wealth and a living name. And therein lies one secret cause of losing priceless time, of letting that opportunity slip from us that cannot be recalled for life. In this also we find the important warning to use every moment as though it were the moment that should decide our fates, as though it contained the key of such great value. Human vision can never perceive when that potent period shall arrive, and this is proof enough to the wise that each frail duration of sixty seconds is to be employed as carefully as if in it they read the smiles of destiny. The one who becomes successful by his own efforts is found to be a miser of time, though he may not be of dollars. Indeed, if he be the truly self-dependent and successful man, money has little value when compared to time. To him the moment of "luck" is never lost. No one can safely say, "I will be on my guard for the critical minute, but I will not slave myself to death before it comes." Such men never detect the decisive period, and they would not be worthy of it if they did. A man who is not willing to slave is not worthy to be called master. A success that is not the next dearest thing to life is not worth having. It would have little attraction when won. It is slaving—risking one's self for a purpose, for a thing, that we make it dear and ourselves worthy of it at one and the same time. And one who has not courage and perseverance in the application of his determination, taken in a prophetic moment, will no more be the favorite of fortune than as if the fortunate moment had never been his.

As we turn back the pages of history, we find it often repeated that heads never intended by man to wear the crown have risen up and successfully claimed it, while those to whom it was a right ordained, according to all the laws of man, to sit, sceptre in hand, dictating from a throne, have as the minute hand told, once met a silent doom, with none to raise a blade in their behalf. Dynasties have tottered to their foundations because of the heedless resolution of a moment, and a moment's determination has freed nations from the tyrant's yoke. It is sustained by abundant facts that the greatest event of history, the vital incidents of the world's progress, have often, after long turmoil, resulted in the end in the word, the deed, the determination, of this fine point of time.

SANCTUM CHAT

Charles Summers had to teach the English to appreciate Carlyle. His opinion made him popular.

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The celebrated lawyer, Rufus Choate believed in hard work and struggle. When some one said to him that a certain fine achievement was the result of an accident, he exclaimed: "Nonsense! You might as well drop the Greek alphabet on the ground and expect to pick up the Iliad!"

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Skating is such a passion in London, and, except in severe winters like the present, such a rare thing, that one of the leading railway companies has organized excursions to Holland for the mere purpose of a day on the ice. One can leave London at night, sleep going across the sea, skate all the next day on the Dutch canals, return on the same night and be ready for work again the next afternoon. The fare for the round trip is less than $4.

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In Great Britian barristers are said to enjoy the longest lives. Next to them come clergymen of the Church of England, other ministers, grocers, gamekeepers, farmers, civil engineers, booksellers, publishers, silkmakers, laborers, carpenters, bankers, male domestics, sawyers, braziers, paper makers, makers of musical instruments, gunsmiths, blacksmiths, shoemakers, tanners and bakers. The greatest mortality prevails among machine makers and wool workers.

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The Americans may be said to have become a nation of cigarette smokers. Time was, not a very great number of years ago, when the consumption of 'paper cigars" was in the United States confined almost entirely to the foreign-born portion of our population. Today more natives than foreigners smoke them. The enormous growth of the industry is readily shown by a comparison of figures. For example, in the fiscal year 1870, tax was paid in the United States on 13,771,417 cigarettes, and in the fiscal year 1880 on 408,907,365—an increase in ten years of 394,826,847 cigarettes.

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The work of restoring Palestine to the possession of the Jews drags along so slowly that the receipt of $200 to help a Jewish colony his cronicled as an important item in the history of the movement. This sum has been raised by some Jews in this country, who have formed a society for the purpose of raising money in considerable amounts. It has been conclusively shown by eminent persons who are well informed as to the Holy Land and as to the Jews, that there is no enthusiasm for repossessing the land, nor any concerted plan of action.

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Now is the time to use disinfectants in the house. Street drainage is filling the sewers to such an extent that foul air and gas are being forced back into houses. Worse still, the drainage pipes of nearly every house are very foul. The only way of preventing the natural effects of this very unpleasant visitor is to make free use of disinfectants, and as these may be purchased at small cost from any druggist the work cannot proceed too rapidly and widely. A pound of copperas dissolved in a gallon or two of warm water and poured into a basin or sink will cost very little, yet abate some unpleasant odors that escape from pipes. Other disinfectants, most of them good, may be obtained of almost any apothecary, and they are so cheap and so easily applied that no one need suffer by the principal indoor nuisance of the season.

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The course of even the love of Princes, when it is a true love, does not run smooth any more than that of ordinary mortals. A German Duke was in love with one of the numberless princesses of his country, and the young pair were already engaged, when serious difficulties arose as to the difference in their religious persuasion. The girl's father, a Catholic, insisted upon a provision being made that the children resulting from the marriage should be baptized and brought up as Roman Catholics, a demand to which the equally strict Protestant on the other side cannot accede. She, despairing of a satisfactory termination of the dilemma, has declared her determination to take the veil, and is shortly to enter as probationer in one of the convents at Prague. Thus religious differences destroy the happiness of two fond hearts.

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In very cold weather most people have sense enough to build good fires and wear their thickest clothing; few, however, seem to know that physical warmth is created in the body itself, and all that fires or clothing can do is to prevent the warmth being seized too rapidly by the surrounding air. The best preparation for a comfortable day in cold weather is to eat a generous breakfast, in which there shall be plenty of meat. There is far more warmth in an ounce of cold meat than in a pint of hot coffee, although the latter is to thousands of people the principle feature of the morning meal. A good appetite is necessary to a full breakfast, and it generally can be had by a five minutes walk out of doors or a few minutes of light exercise in a freshly aired room—exercise such as the most delicate woman or child can indulge in without injury. A glass of ardent liquor is a wretched preventive of cold. It will quicken the circulation for a few moments and diminish it for an hour after. The bulk in bread of a glass of beer is more warming than the liquor and only costs a quarter as much; the same comparison may be made between spirits and meat. It is almost impossible for a person who sits indoors all day to remain warm, but a few minutes out of doors, just long enough to have the system ted enough by the cold to rouse its powers of resistance, will insure a comfortable day thereafter if the house is fairly tight.

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The dress cap for regimental officers and enlisted men in our army is to give way to spiked helmets, not unlike, in general shape, those which Germany has made famous. Field officers and all officers of mounted troops and of the Signal Corps are to wear instead of the spike a plume of buffalo hair, white for infantry, yellow for cavalry, and red for artillery. The ornaments on the helmets of the enlisted men will indicate their arm of the service or their occupation; for example, infantry, crossed rifles; artillery, crossed cannon; ordnance, a shell and flame; engineers, a castle; commissary sergeants, a crescent of white metal, and so on. In summer officers may wear a light cork helmet, with a ventilator instead of a spike. So military fashions change from age to age. Presently this new, or rather ancient, fashion of helmets will give way to something else.

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Numberless theories have been advanced by students in natural history why the prairies—the feeding grounds of the buffalo should be without arborescent vegetation, the principal one which is supported by distinguished authors being that of climatic influences. A new theory is that the absence of trees is due to artificial causes altogether. Taught by their necessities the early Indians made it a practice to annually fire the high grass of the prairies, which has the effect of making the growth more luxuriant and consequently more inviting to the vast herds of buffalo, on which the aborigines depended greatly for their sustenance. It has been conclusively settled that no vegetation, save the hardy prairie grass, will appear on ground over which fire has swept until another season, so that the yearly prairie fires extended the area of the plateau until they have become almost measureless.

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The Salvation Army has suffered from the secession of several of its trusted officers. They say that the Commissioner worked them nearly to death and made them go out in all sorts of weather with inadequate clothing, insufficient food, and exceedingly meagre pay. The people of this country have never taken hold of the work of the Salvation Army with sufficient enthusiasm to provide for the payments of its bills. The Army has been driven to get its rations in the best way it could, and sometimes these rations have been both few and short. It has been obliged to draw its subsistence from the cheapest boarding houses, and to suffer from great scantiness. The officers and others who now leave the Commissioner formerly gave him the homage which they would to a being whom they considered their superior, but they now regard him as a very common sort of man, and threaten to show him up in ways which will not reflect glory on him.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MOWING.

BY DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

All shimmering in the morning shine
And diamonded with dew,
And quivering in the scented wind
That thrills its green heart through;
The little field, the smiling field,
With all its flowers a-blowing,
How happy looks the golden field,
The day before the mowing!

Outspread 'neath the departing light,
Twilight still void of stars,
Save where, low westering, Venus hides
From the red eye of Mars;
How quiet lies the silent field,
With all its beauties glowing,
Just stirring, like a child asleep,
The night before the mowing!

Sharp steel, inevitable hand,
Cut keen, cut kind! Our field
We know full well must be laid low
Before its wealth it yield;
Labor, and mirth, and plenty blest
Its blameless death bestowing;
And yet we weep, and yet we weep,
The night before the mowing!

LADY MARGERIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLIVIA," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(CONTINUED.)

MR. PLEYDELL pronounced that there was no will. Dr. Sullivan bore testimony, on being required, as to the unrestricted, and unguided, and spontaneous action of the earl in the destruction of the will that had been prepared for his signature.

These statements made, the natural and inevitable results followed, that Lady Margerie Lisle was, to all intents and purposes, the Countess of St. Clair, heiress-at-law of all the estates, entailed and free, that belonged to the title, while the widow of the late earl took from the property the third of all personalty, in addition to the settlements made on her at her marriage with the earl; and of course all proper and natural congratulations on the occasion followed from all, save the stern countess, now the Dowager Countess of St. Clair. She remained silent and cold, till the buzz of comment had ceased; then she rose, sternly and calmly.

"Lady Margerie Lisle, titular Countess of St. Clair, I add my congratulations to those you have already received, with the proviso they have a double meaning," she said. "You have succeeded, Lady Margerie, in all your plans and projects, for a time; but the sword of Damocles is hanging over your head. Take good heed that you have not a mine sprung under your feet. The footsteps of the avenger are even now pursuing you. From this day we are strangers. You and the daughter, for whom I will, in charity, hope you have sinned, will enjoy alone, and without the tacit reproach of my presence, the ill-gotten wealth and station that are yours at last; and I counsel you to make the most of your day while it lasts, for the dark and gloomy night is at hand."

Then, with a stately bow to the astonished circle, and a cold and slight notice of Lady Margerie and Isabel, as they involuntarily rose as she passed them, she left the room.

Ere nightfall, the Countess Helena of St. Clair had left the home that had so long been hers, and Margerie, Countess of St. Clair, and Lady Isabel, ruled in her stead.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MARGERIE, Countess of St. Clair, occupied the Castle of her fathers. Lady Isabel Lisle was now the heiress of vast wealth, of an ancient title. Persons talked indeed in under tones of the strange events that had occurred since the projected marriage of the deceased Blanche.

Rosalie Norman was now instaled as maid and companion to the new heiress of St. Clair, as she had been to her fair and youthful predecessor. She was growing pale and thin, and the servants began to complain that their sleep was disturbed at times by the strange noises that came from the maid's apartment.

"I cannot stand it, Mrs. Standish," said the factotum and aide-de-camp of the housekeeper, who in a modern household would be called, we presume, "still-room maid." "Why, I can hear her in my room quite plain, starting and crying out in her sleep, and walking up and down, and I'm quite confident she walks sometimes, for I heard a noise like soft footsteps at my door the other night, and I took courage, and lighted a candle, and went to see; and there, as I opened my door, what should I see but just a something white disappearing in Rosalie's door. And I am pretty sure it was her, in her night dress, and that she had been walking."

"My good Sarah," said the housekeeper, who had listened with a mingled air of distrust and belief, "I am free to confess that there are some strange things going on at the Castle just now; but then you are a sensible girl, I know well, as people say; and one must see all and hold one's tongue. And the place is a good one, Sarah, or has been, in times past. I have got a bit of money put by; and though the poor dear earl was taken off so sudden, without a will, my late lady told me, quite in confidence, you know, that I should not be a loser by it. And then, Sarah, another thing, which I would not confide to any of the giddy young things, or even the older servants, who have only been here four or five years, you see, but which I don't mind telling you, my own cousin's child,—you can keep a secret, Sarah, can you not?"

"As well as any one, Mrs. Standish, old or young," said the staid looking damsel, whose twenty-five years might well have been thirty-five to judge from her look and manner.

"Well, then, listen," said Mrs. Standish, and she looked carefully round, went to the door, opened it, and then carefully closing all means by which even a sound could find escape, she went on. "Well then, Sarah, I don't mind, as I said, telling you, my own blood relation, what the countess said to me the day before the funeral."

Sarah drew her chair nearer, and bent her head down, lest she might lose a word of the promised confidence.

"Well then, the countess says, says she, 'Standish, I know very well that there are great changes, and you may not feel inclined to stay after your old lord is dead, and I am going. But, Standish, you are an old and tried servant of the house of St. Clair, and I beg of you, Standish, to remain, under any circumstances, for one twelvemonth from this time. Watch over the household, Standish, in your department, as Barnett will in his; and at the end of that time, if nothing especially happens, I will make final arrangements, and you and all whom the earl intended should benefit by his will, shall, not suffer."

Lady St. Clair, or as perhaps it may be perhaps more convenient to call her still, Lady Margerie, felt, on the very night of the day when the above-mentioned conversation took place, a feverish restlessness that precluded all possibility of sleep. She tossed from side to side in her luxurious bed with a wakeful uneasiness of mind, and fever of body, that the humblest of her tenants rarely felt, and inaction at last became intolerable. She rose, lighted her lamp from the wax taper that always burnt in her apartment, and threw on a dressing-gown. Then she drew a shawl over her dressing-wrapper, for the Winter, or, rather early Spring night, was cold, and prepared to leave her room.

The apartments Lady Margerie inhabited were those that had belonged to the late Countess of St. Clair, and were almost immediately adjoining the suite occupied by the deceased earl, the door between the suites being firmly and strictly locked night and day. But on this night some feverish impatience to solve a doubtful idea that had darted across her busy brain in the silence of the hour seized her. She took the key from her secretaire, and, with a pale cheek, proceeded to open the door. As she did so, a sound came on the stillness. She stopped and listened. It was a slight rustling, a faint sort of shuffling noise, that was better felt than heard.

We have said that Lady Margerie was no coward, and she certainly well proved it now. After the first involuntary shudder she advanced with a half-scornful smile at her own foolish weakness. Her step was even firmer, and her mien prouder than usual as she went on, her lamp in hand, casting an involuntary glance around, as its light fell dimly into the corners of that vast apartment. For some moments nothing was visible, and after a pause she proceeded to the opposite door, which led into the dressing-room of the deceased earl. But just as she passed, with a kind of shudder, the large dark curtained bed where she had seen the form of her late brother, and where his last breath had been drawn, a slight, tall white figure rose suddenly before her. It was not in human, certainly not in woman's, nature not to scream; but, in Lady Margerie's case, the scream was as subdued as it was possible for a scream to be. The features grew rigid and fixed, the face was ash white, as she gazed on the ghost-like form, whose features were for the time shrouded in the darkness, and the veil of dark hair that hung round her. It was a woman then. So much a hurried glance determined. Only a woman could possess that wealth of long hair. Could it be Isabel? Impossible! The girl avoided the room even in the full glare of day with a superstitious terror, and to bring her in the nightfall would have needed the force of strong ropes. A second glance, more keen and assured, now that all superstitious fancies or real physical terrors were past, showed her the pale but still lovely face of Rosalie Norman.

"Rosalie!" she cried.

The girl shivered. "My lady," came from her shaking lips.

"What brings you here?—how dare you?"

But ere the words had well crossed the lady's lips the girl had sunk lifeless on the ground.

It was a perplexing position, certainly. A fainting girl, in the dead of night, in a room where neither lady nor maid would be supposed to be at that hour!—and where, to summon assistance, would be to open the most strange reports.

It was a fearful moment. Even the hardened countess could scarcely look on the pale young creature before her, so entirely the image of death. Without a thrill of terror, which was indeed foreign to her strong nature. Did a memory more fearful still come over that lady's mind? It might be so; for the hands that were applying the restoratives trembled, and the frame shuddered strongly, as she had recourse at length to the small spirit-flask that she had reserved to the last emergency.

The stimulant, or perhaps the succession of stimulants, had its effect. The girl gave a gasping sob, the eyes slightly opened, and the white face assumed a more life-like hue, while the hand Lady Margerie held in hers grew warmer, and more human to the touch.

"Rosalie," she said, "are you better?"

A startled gaze,—but no reply. The eyes had a lustreless horror in them, and the whole features so scared a look, that the lady saw it was needful to soothe, rather than command, the shaken frame.

"My poor child, my dear Rose, what has ailed you, what terrified you so sadly? Tell your lady, your friend, Rosalie—Lady Margerie; don't you know me?"

It was a wonderful presence of mind that prompted the lady to drop a title of which she was usually very jealous.

Rosalie opened her eyes, but the glance round that gloomy apartment, seemed again to scare away the returning senses, for she closed them once more with a shiver.

"Rosalie, this is wrong, foolish,—you must rouse yourself. I insist on you accompanying me to my room, and there you shall lie down as long as you like, and have light and warmth. Do you hear, Rose? Must I speak twice to be obeyed by Rosalie Norman?"

The tone of half-pained, half-gentle, yet authoritative command, at length had its effect,—the girl slowly raised herself, and looked piteously on the countess.

"Was it you—only you?" she murmured.

"Certainly; but now come with me, I will not hear or speak another word till we are in another room."

The girl looked fearfully round—an anxious, lingering glance, that the lady could not interpret.

What it meant, what it desired was unintelligible. The lady threw the rays of her lamp round the room, and even on the floor, in vain; nothing could be seen that would explain the girl's agitation, and with a half-impatient gesture she forced her trembling, pale charge toward the door.

It needed all the lady's strength to support that shaking frame, more especially when her own bravery and firmness were only borrowed from necessity. But as the door closed behind them on that gloomy death-chamber, both the lady and the youthful sufferer appeared to gain courage, and Rosalie gradually leaned less heavily on the arm that supported her, and her feet were firmer as they dragged along the floor.

At last the apartment of Lady Margerie was gained. She had herself kindled the fire already laid in the grate, and with rare condescension she placed the girl in the large chair near the fire, and wrapped a woolen shawl over her shaking form.

"Now drink this, Rosalie; keep still for a quarter of an hour to collect yourself, and then be prepared to answer me truly and candidly."

The girl looked piteously in the stern face. Lady Margerie understood it.

"Be content," she said, "you have nothing to fear if you are candid. I will forgive all but falsehood and treachery."

Ah, Lady Margerie, did no pang dart through your heart as you pronounced these words?

The time passed on. The regular beating of the gold time-piece on Lady Margerie's mantelpiece was hardly louder than that of Rosalie Norman's heart, but it came more regular and less tumultuous as the physical frame gathered warmth and strength. At last Lady Margerie sat down opposite to the pale form.

"You are better now, Rosalie?" she asked.

"Quite, my lady."

"And able to remember and think?" she asked.

"Yes, my lady."

"Then answer me quickly and without evasion. What was it took you to that room at this hour?"

Rosalie was silent.

"Rosalie," she continued, "will you force me to take a different tone? I have been forbearing and kind beyond what you could expect; but I must be answered clearly, and without more trouble and delay. What could bring you from your bed to that apartment at such an hour?"

Rosalie's eyes glittered. She seemed to gather courage from the harshness of the tone. "It was not the first time, my lady."

It appeared a strange reason—a strange excuse—and it brought a gust of passion to the stern face; but the next question was calm and cold.

"That does not answer me, Rosalie. I asked what it was that brought you hither on this night, and, as I suspect, on other nights, from the reports that have reached me."

The girl took a desperate gasp of breath, and then said in a low tone, scarcely above her breath, "The shoe."

Lady Margerie looked at her as if she thought her senses were leaving her. "Girl," said she, "are you mad, or trifling with me?"

But the pallor of the face, the quivering of the lip, betokened far different emotions from those of insanity or mocking sarcasm.

"The shoe," she repeated, in the same earnest hollow tone. "Lady St. Clair, I am serious in what I say."

Lady Margerie looked again in as-

tonishment, and yet terrified, at the girl.

"Rosalie, explain yourself. What does all this mean?"

"It means, my lady, the truth—the wretched truth, that has haunted and terrified me day and night for weeks," said the girl, rousing suddenly from the apathetic exhaustion in which she had been plunged

"Explain it," said Lady Margerie.

The tone was hard and cold. The girl's nature rebelled against it.

"Lady St. Clair," she replied, "I have obeyed your bidding. At the peril of body and soul too I have obeyed a ruthless, mad devotion to one quite unworthy of it; I have listened to the false and insidious flatteries of him whom I am learning to hate; but, however I have sinned, I will not endure reproach and harshness from others who have dragged me into this abyss of infamy and danger."

The flashing light in the fiery, coal black eyes, the fierce curl of the white lips that quivered and trembled with passion rather than fear, warned Lady Margerie that the brain had been excited to a degree that made any tampering with the spirit dangerous.

"Foolish girl!" she said, with an affectation of lightness, "you are determined to torment yourself and do me injustice. Here am I speaking to you as I might to a dear, foolish child,—to Lady Isabel, did she give way to such wild nonsense, and give me such unnecessary alarm,—and you resent it as an injury, instead of seeing the perplexing absurdity of your own conduct."

The girl settled herself in her former position with an attempt at calmness that accorded ill with the startled, angry look of her eyes, and the bitter expression round the mouth.

"Go on," she said, sullenly.

"Rosalie, this is worse than foolish What can I say till you have explained your enigmatical, strange words? What mean you by the shoe, that seems to terrify you so strangely?"

The girl shuddered, but did not reply.

"You remember the night?" continued Lady Margerie.

"The night of the earl's death, you mean?"

"Yes."

"And all that I had to do?" said Rosalie.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Well, I thought, I believed that all was safe, and that no one could suspect," said Rosalie, "but when I got to the window I found to my dismay, what I suppose I was too frightened to perceive before, that ——"

She paused, and a look of unutterable anguish and horror came over her delicate features.

"What?" asked Lady Margerie.

"That I had lost a shoe!" she gasped, in accents that were sepulchral in their deep, hoarse tones.

It was now Lady Margerie's turn to start.

"Fool,—idiot, to conceal it so long!" she cried.

"What good would the knowledge have done, and what avail is it to create a panic that might have betrayed all?" said Rosalie, sullenly. "I knew not where I had dropped it. Had it been found by a servant, it was far better that I should have left every one in perfect ignorance of the loss. So I waited and waited, and all I did was to destroy the fellow of that fatal shoe."

"How?" asked Lady Margerie.

"I threw it into the sea at high tide. It is miles and miles from this," was the reply.

Lady Margerie paused; then said, "But why not have told me, instead of wandering like a spirit in the earl's chamber?"

The girl paused a moment, ere she replied, "I thought I fancied it might be there. No one has been in since the earl was buried, and the room was too darkened for it to be seen before the corpse was removed."

"But still, why did you not tell me?" persisted the lady.

"I preferred recovering my own property," was the reply.

A scowl came on the face of Lady Margerie.

"Girl," she said, "you have played a dangerous game. You thought to be independent of me. You thought to keep from me the thoughtless indiscretion of which you was guilty, and the power to prove your guilt."

It was too much The girl sprang to her feet—all traces of her late illness vanished—her eyes glittered, and her cheeks flamed with excitement.

"Dangerous!" she repeated, "dangerous! There can be little more to fear, Lady St. Clair, after the fearful risks I have run, and far less to dread from your possessing proofs of my crime. You are far more in my power than I am in yours; and I may be goaded and driven to prove it, if you are not more wary and forebearing. Do you forget that this is not the first time I have risked my present safety and my future hopes for you? Can you not imagine the terrors that haunt me from time to time?—the wretched visions at night, the terror of every human being by day? I listen like a scared child to every sound. I am as weak and foolish as the most superstitious fool, that I—poor weak creature that I am—have scorned. I even tremble at the sound of my own footsteps, the rustle of my own dress, the glance at my own shadow; and in the day I fancy I read suspicion in every face and tone. I start at the opening of a door, the sound of a bell, or the arrival of a stranger, as if the avenger were at hand And you dare to blame and reproach me, you that have brought me to this!"

The rapid, passionate words of the girl had stunned and palsied Lady Margerie's very utterance, petrified her very movements. She felt as if she had brought a torrent on her head that threatened to sweep her away, and yet which had a strength and vehemence which it would be very dangerous to try to stem.

"You are young and sensitive, Rosalie," she said, "and have been sorely tried; but, though I confess you have passed through an ordeal wonderful for one so delicate and untried, you must remember the reward, the happiness and the splendor even that await you."

"How!—where?" said the girl, sullenly. "I see no signs of it yet No promise that you have been made has been fulfilled; nor his either"

Lady Margerie marked every word she said.

"My child," she said, gently, "you forget that it would have been a most hazardous risk to have made any difference in your position at present. To have suddenly loaded you with honors or wealth, or raised you to the station that I confess you can well assume, while recent events were yet in the minds of all, would have been to bring certain destruction on us. Time and patience, Rose, time and patience will work wonders"

"How?" she asked, bitterly.

"On the day that Lady Isabel is married, on that day, Rose, you shall have a dowry fit for the daughter of a gentleman, and the bride of a gentleman; but to accomplish this needs skill and prudence And the shoe of which you speak, is this your first search for it in that room?"

"Yes, I have many a time left my room to go and make the attempt," replied the girl, shuddering, "but I never yet could find courage. And then, when I had just forced myself to go to the terrible place with the fearful stimulus of danger to life, then you came, and I thought——Oh, I cannot describe that moment,—it is too wretched!"

"Then your search was not really complete?" said the lady, bent rather on the one engrossing and alarming subject of the girl's loss, than on the shock which she had necessarily received.

"No," was the reply.

"Thank Heaven!" gasped the lady, yielding to emotion so that there seemed ground for hope. "Then all is not lost We will go together, Rosalie, when daylight comes, and before the rest of the household are up, and I think it not improbable that we shall discover it. If you had dropped it elsewhere, there must have been a gossip about it in the servant's hall, and it would have been brought in evidence and compared with the footprints."

The girl shook in every limb

"Oh, Lady Margerie, it is too terrible!" she said. "Only think the hair's breadth between me and disgrace, if not death."

Lady Margerie turned white. That casual expression of the girl recalled that of the countess on their last bitter parting. And Lady St. Clair had spoken of the "footsteps" of the avenger. Ominous expression! that brought a terrible meaning under present circumstances, and the anxiety of the new made countess fevered up to an uncontrollable pitch.

"Rosalie," she said, "come, we will go at once. Daylight is breaking, and this lamp is strong enough to discover any object that is turned up"

Rosalie shuddered and hung back as the determined lady of the Castle seized the lamp, raised it to its utmost pitch of brightness, and then led the way through the same door to the apartment they had left. When they came to the place of the couch, where the earl had fallen in his death agony, the girl involuntarily uttered a faint cry, and shrank back with a low wail of terror But the ruthless sister of the dead pursued her object, unmoved, apparently, by the fearful associations of the place and turned that bright light even beneath the bed of death; but in vain,—not a vestige of the missing object was to be seen; all was bare, drear and desolate. Even the heart of the stern woman failed her as she gazed, and at length was forced to give up her errand to that solemn chamber. She knew well the fearful import of the loss. Had it been possible she might even have felt inclined to strike down the fragile girl by her side, and in a moment thus extinguish every trace of her crime. She felt that on the discovery of that shoe hung Rosalie's fate. On Rosalie's fate and firmness, were the charge brought home to her, hung her own, and that of the work which it had cost so much time and labor, and crime and risk, to bring to perfection. The conviction would, with ordinary minds, have brought at once hatred and anger to the cause of this fearful risk, and, at the very least, threats and caution to the girl on whom so much depended. But Lady Margerie's was no common mind, and her course was a very different one. She led the way back to her own apartment with an air of greater kindness and serenity than had marked her conduct during the present scene.

"Listen, my child," she said, kindly. "I can well comprehend all the terrors you have suffered, and which you were very foolish not to tell me before; but, now that there is no longer any secret in the matter, I will act for you. My own impression is, that you must have dropped it from the window, and that it became too deeply concealed for any chance of discovery, till long after this affair is forgotten, and, it may be, ourselves also. No one has been in that room, save yourself and me, since the funeral; and——"

"Yes," interrupted the girl, with less reverence than it was customary to show to the Countess of St. Clair, "yes, Lady Margerie,—the countess was there for a long, long time, only it was dark, and I thought, I hoped, that there was no chance that she had discovered it, or why should she not have spoken of it at once?"

Lady Margerie could scarcely restrain the curse that rose to her lips; but she stifled it, and crushed down the terror that seized her at the thought Had the countess discovered it, and had she an ulterior object in keeping this token of guilt?

The guilty woman was punished even by the pang of keen terror that, like a burning knife, darted through her heart, still, she must reassure her terrified agent, or all would be lost.

"You are right, Rosalie," she said,—"of course Lady St. Clair would at once appreciate all that such a discovery implied, and therefore you may dismiss all alarm on her score. However, I will take measures to place you in safety"

"I will not go away," said the girl, passionately.

"You will not?"

Lady Margerie repeated the words with an air of unaffected and bewildered astonishment that was nearly ludicrous. Such a resistance to her will was too novel for her to meet it at once as it deserved.

"Rosalie, you are not yourself. You must at once go to bed," she said, quietly; and remember, for your own sake, do not excite attention by anything unusual in your looks and manner It will be well for you to give out you have a violent cold, and I will send for Doctor Fitzpatrick to see you"

The gleam in the girl's eyes at the name did not escape the lady's quick, keen gaze.

"And remember," she continued, "remember, Rosalie, that all depends on yourself control. Say as little as you choose to any of the domestics who may have anything to do with you, under pretext of a violent and dangerous cold; but be gentle and courteous, and neither excite enmity nor suspicion by any abruptness and strangeness of manner."

Rosalie bowed.

"Of course, this caution does not apply to Doctor Fitzpatrick," said Lady Margerie.

"Again that sudden light in the dark eyes.

"And I shall bring him into my counsel as to the best and most prudent way of ensuring your safety," she added. "You shall be well shielded, Rosalie, if you are docile and prudent. Rely on it, all who serve me well, will always find I stand by them."

"Even to your own hurt?" asked the girl

"Our interests are in this case identical," was the evasive reply "Now go, and I will send to see you in the morning as if I wanted you; and, of course, you will send me word that you are ill. Good night, Rosalie."

It was rather "good morning," for the faint gleams of the winter sun were trying to throw some light on the gloom, as it rose behind the gray clouds of morning. Rosalie closed the door, and Lady Margerie listened for her footsteps, so long as they were discernible, and then she sat down for a few minutes to think.

"Fools, fools," at length she murmured. "And yet the folly and the treachery may stand me in good stead, if I can but prove it. They will be cunning if they deceive me. Even that subtle girl has at last betrayed herself. It was surely an instinct that brought on that feverish impulse to see the scene so familiar, so imprinted on my very brain. Ah, I have gone through too much to shrink from what remains. I will not hesitate, let what will betide."

At last the lady resumed her place in the bed she was supposed to have occupied all night, and when her maid came in the morning she was, or appeared to be, in a deep sleep.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DR. FITZPATRICK was at Castle St. Clair. Every one though it an especial grace and kindness on the part of the new countess to summon so distinguished a man for a mere domestic; but then Rosalie was the daughter of an old dependent of the house, and consequently more favored by the head of the family for the time being, so it did not create the jealousy or the surprise that such a mark of interest might otherwise have caused. And when the physician had examined the invalid, and ordered proper remedies and extreme quiet as the only chance of speedy recovery, he was duly conducted to the sitting-room of the countess, and the door as carefully closed and barred as if it had been a minister of state on important business, instead of a physician reporting from the sick bed of a servant. But this was nothing strange with Lady Margerie; she had a regular Metternich fancy for mysteries, even in trifles. A purchase of a bonnet or the hiring of a servant was conducted with the same reserve and secrecy as the deeper arrangements of the busy brain.

And there sat those plotting, singular confederates—the noble lady, the plebeian doctor, made equal by genius, still more by crime. Alexander Fitzpatrick was gradually asserting his power over his aristocratic patroness, whose past and present future were so completely in his keeping

"And that is your decided opinion?" said the lady.

"It is. The girl's mind is affected,—completely affected, and I shall take measures accordingly"

"It is scarcely to be decided on so promptly, Doctor Fitzpatrick," remarked Lady Margerie, looking searchingly at him.

"In this case, my duty," said the doctor, "is to order at once that the girl be placed under restraint."

"You have of course; sufficient reasons for that, Doctor Fitzpatrick?" questioned the lady.

"Professional reasons," replied the doctor.

"No more?" said Lady Margerie. "Is it not also some fear lest the young girl should betray certain secrets that ——"

"That would be extremely inconvenient to Lady St. Clair, or Lady Margerie Lisle, as the case may be," he interrupted. "Now, my good lady, my future wife, my trusty co agent in this great work, for Heaven's sake leave all this idle nonsense and waste of time and breath, and let us proceed to real business

Lady Margerie's blood flamed up in cheek and brow, but she said, "I am ready to listen, doctor, and when I have heard all I shall be ready to reply," she said, and she shaded her face with her hands.

The physician paused for a few moments.

"I have so many things to say," he resumed, "that it will be better to dispose of them one by one First, as to the girl Rosalie,—she knows too much, and her brain is too much over-wrought. She must be cared for at present, or ruin would ensue."

"To yourself?" said Lady Margerie.

"To me and to you," said Dr. Fitzpatrick. "We cannot fall alone; that point is too self-evident to be discussed The next point is more serious. Lady St. Clair, I have reasons to believe that all is known."

The lady started, and her face grew pallid as she stared at the physician's calm face.

"More,—I believe that Blanche St. Clair is living," continued Dr. Fitzpatrick.

A low scream of horror, and Lady Margerie fell back almost fainting in her chair.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROMANCE OF A HOUSE.—The romance of one of Boston's two story brick houses is that nearly thirty years ago a young man built it for his bride, intending to mortgage it and pay for it gradually, as his worldly goods increased, to all of which she agreed. When the wedding day was appointed, trousseau ready and the house finished, he took the lady out to inspect it After going over the house he presented her with a deed of it for a wedding gift, when she was astonished to find that he had actually paid for it. He explained that, buying a ticket in a lottery, he had drawn the first prize The Puritan maiden protested she would not take a home obtained by gambling. When they left the house he locked the door and threw the key into a brook near by. The next day he boarded up the windows. The man never married; he became rich, but is a wanderer on the face of the earth. The woman never married—she still lives, poor and an invalid.

A staircase—The countryman at a show.

WAITING ON THE CORNER.

I know 'twould be the proper thing to do,
If I desire to see fair Adelaide,
To call where she resides. But it is true
That I don't like to. Not that I'm afraid
Of her papa. He always treats me well;
But I suspect he thinks that "that young man
Is fairly well behaved, but, truth to tell,
Too much inclined to be Bohemian."
It makes me quite uneasy, I will own;
And as I know she's at the matinee,
And will come out and start for home, alone,
I'll meet her in an accidental way.
The clock on Tenth Street Church says half-past four;
The piece is moving slow to-day, it's clear;
I hope it won't be many minutes more;
It's chilly, waiting on the corner here.
Ah, now they're coming out. I'll try to look
As if I stood here, waiting for a car.
I somehow feel as though each passer took
The whole thing in, and slyly guyed me. Ah,
She's coming! Yes, I see her pretty face
There in the crowd, some rods away. I'll try
To act a glad surprise, with easy grace,
As I perceive her, just as she goes by.
A fellow who stood yonder, with a new
Silk hat, and this same game of waiting played,
Has picked his lady up. I wonder who?
He's drawing near. By Jove, it's Adelaide!
I think I'd like to kick and pound that churl.
Oh! I'm a fool! And all I've got to say
Is: Wasting time to see a giggling girl
Is all confounded nonsense, anyway.

—B. P

The World of Humor.

A city man calls his sweetheart Kitty, because she gets her back up so often.

"I am satisfied with my lot," said a real-estate owner who held a piece of city property worth $5 000 a foot.

Job has been marked down in history as the patient man. The fact is, that at one time he was just boiling over.

A belle, upon being asked her father's profession, said he "embalmed pork," she believed. He was a bacon curer.

A hat manufacturer claims for himself the title of "Universal Sympathizer," because, he says, no has felt for every one.

It was rather hard reading after he had sung his best, too, to have these hateful typos up and call him "The terror of the choir."

"I have been present at many religious awakenings," said the fly, as he passed from one bald spot to another in a neighboring pew.

The acquisition of money is sometimes accompanied by remorse, but most people are willing to endure the remorse for the sake of the money.

Everybody admires determination. Who does not applaud the pluck and persistence of the little wheel of the bicycle in pursuit of its big brother?

Cincinnati men are so fond of music that they won't hurt a boot-jack until they look to see that it is a cat, and not a Cincinnati prima donna singing.

Foreman—"Look here, Pat; you heard the governor say that job must be finished to-night. Pat—"Yis; I'll have it done to-night if it takes me till to-morrow mornin'."

"Is your cough any easier?" said a wit's acquaintance, on calling to see how he was. "It should be," said the sufferer, from his pillow; "I have been practicing all night."

It is a mean thing for a handsome man to go to a town and give every indication that he is in the market until about half the girls are wild about him, and then send for his wife.

A humorist was giving an account of his experience as a hotel-keeper. "Did you clear anything by it?" asked a listener. "I cleared a six-rail fence getting away from the sheriff," was the answer.

A heroic and noble man's first thought when his house took fire recently, was for his mother-in-law, whom he saved from a burning staircase by promptly throwing her from a three-story window.

A chap being asked to explain the paradox of how it was possible for a lazy man to attain so much education, answered: "I did not—a'tain it: I—just—heard—it—here—and—there—and was too lazy to forget."

A Boston composer has set the sounds of Niagara Falls to music. The next thing we know some fiend will set the noise of a boiler-shop to music, and distribute it through organs of Italian descent. And then there will be blood spilt.

No matter what your feelings or ailment is, Hop Bitters will do you good. Prove it. See another column.

A Western paper suggests the following plan for paying off the national debt in six weeks: "Let the Government levy a light tax, not to exceed three millions on the dollar, on the poetry written in the United States, and let every poet name the value of his own poetry. That will do it."

A man of strong feelings, living in a secluded hamlet, says, "It is fiendish for a man's creditors to all range themselves on the shady side of a street when he goes from dinner, and make him walk in the sun. I believe it's unconstitutional thus to use heaven's sunlight to help collect a bill."

Success in Business.

THE CAREER OF A NEW JERSEY ORGAN-BUILDER.—Success in business is undoubtedly the result of intelligence, work, and correct principles. It is said that the Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, N. J., began [illegible] at one dollar. Since that time he has built [illegible] pianos and Organs made all over the world, and would by his remarkable push and enterprise. His attention was early turned to music, and in this way he became interested in the sale, and finally in the manufacture, of musical instruments at Washington, N. J., which bear his name. His first [illegible] were on a small scale, but [illegible] new fields open to energy and [illegible]. He has never wavered or failed. In telegraphic [illegible], and [illegible] advertising, he has attracted [illegible] everywhere, and at the present his instruments are used in all parts of the civilized world. He never [illegible] from use of printers' ink, and it has paid him a thousand fold.

Mr. Beatty is the man who first conceived the idea of reducing the prices of Pianos and Organs. He knew the agents were making entirely too much profit on them, the same as was being done on sewing machines. He at once began to expose the deception practised by leading manufacturers who asked $450 for an Organ that could be [illegible] and still leave a fair profit, or $600 for a Piano that [illegible] is sold it for. Then the war began. He was ridiculed and [illegible] in a most [illegible] manner by the monopolists, whose large profits were in danger. No stone was left unturned to defeat and ruin him. Circulars were printed and sent out and circulated by their agents. At one time, published in music trade journals, and many of our dirty tricks were resorted to; but, by the course of right and justice, Mayor Beatty has succeeded in realizing the prices of Pianos and Organs, so that he is said to be by far the most successful man that has ever engaged in the music business.

But amid the rush and hurry of a vast business, Mr. Beatty never forgets the desire of a man and a citizen. He has twice been elected Mayor of Washington without his own seeking, which office he now holds. His fellow citizens know him. He conducted his campaign wherever and was not even at home on election day. His generous donation of orders upon the largest [illegible] to supply them to the needy during the past winter and his [illegible] contributions to the various [illegible] organizations, without regard to [illegible], are indicative of but a few of the many [illegible] that are [illegible] daily cropping, and which have made him exceedingly popular among his fellow citizens.

Men who have won for themselves honorable distinction in their particular avocations in life and which we denominate as the successful self-made men of the day, all [illegible] to possess a few qualifications necessary for the high position of public trust, and from the nucleus from which the nation draws its [illegible]. Mayor Beatty's career thus far has been marked by untiring perseverance, indomitable will, acute perception, and good, sound common sense.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the [illegible] of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility, and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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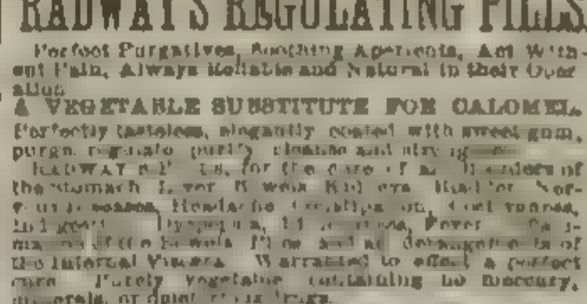

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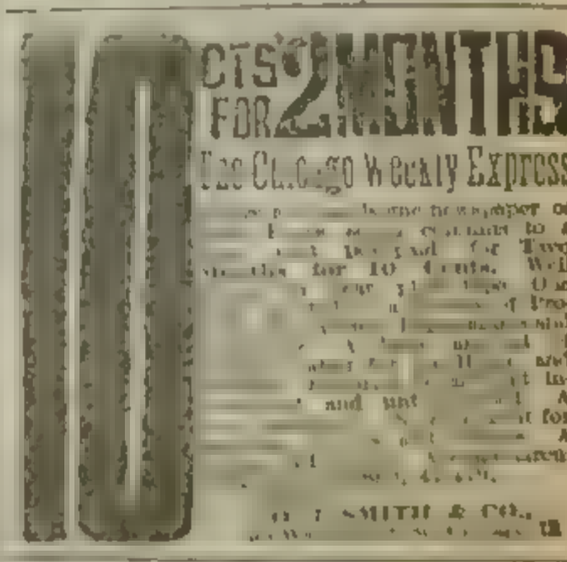

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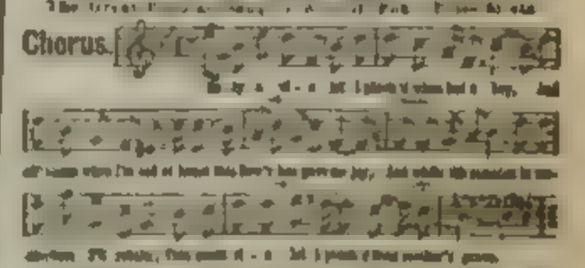

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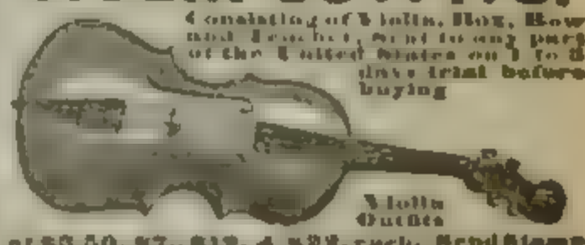

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THE CARRIER PIGEON.

BY ANNIE MATHESON.

IN the large and well kept farmyard of a gentleman's estate, situated at some little distance from Paris, lived an old carrier—or as he liked better to call himself, courier pigeon.

He had led a very busy life; had carried despatches of great importance under his wings, and in the war of 1870 had by his untiring zeal and faithfulness acquired an undying fame. Unfortunately he had received a shot in the wing and leg during active service, and though the wounds had been carefully tended and were now healed, he was not the pigeon that he had been before, but remained limp and invalided for life. So, after the war, he retired with a pension to his master's country seat, and devoted his time to the study of philosophy and the instruction of other members of his family.

Philosophy he had chosen as his favorite study, owing to a circumstance which on his arrival at the country seat had surprised and hurt him considerably.

On arriving at his master's country seat he found one common dovecot was the abode of all, and the pigeons of different families already located there—the Fantails, the Tumblers, the Carrolites, the Turtle doves &c.—instead of looking up to Mr. Courier and his descendants, actually looked down on them. Any one of a less philosophical turn of mind than Mr Courier would have been crushed, annihilated by the reception he experienced.

But instead of being aggrieved at this neglect, Mr. Courier simply shrugged his shoulders, and would have smiled sardonically, only he found it rather difficult to do so with a beak. He reassured his abashed and humiliated family with the words; "Patience my dears; your turn will come soon; you are young yet; you can wait. In the meantime we are sufficient for ourselves. Let us enjoy life in the way it is presented to us, and not make ourselves wretched by grieving for what we have not. No pigeon need be unhappy who has the consciousness of having been a useful member of society and a faithful patriot" (here Mr Courier's breast swelled with conscious dignity) "No pigeon," continued he, looking benevolently on the younger members of his family, "need be unhappy who has the consciousness of possessing the will and the ability to be useful when occasion offers."

One day Mr Courier was, as usual surrounded by his young friends and relations, and was delivering his customary lecture, when his experienced eye detected traces of agitation greater than the jerky pertness of the Dandies the disdainful looks of the Ladies, or failures to procure the tit bits of the larder were wont to create. In his fatherly manner he inquired the cause of their dejection. It was soon told. Fanchon, the little daughter of the house, who could keep no secrets, had said that morning, while emptying her pinafore of the crumbs she had collected for them that the young Couriers were to go to school the following day.

"Yes, to school," Fanchon had repeated again and again.

The young Couriers were quite frightened and dejected. "We are so little," they complained. "We don't want to go to school. We would rather play. What does it mean? What shall we have to do? Little Fanchon showed us the queerest strokes and scrawls that she has to make every day with a long pointed stick that has a claw at the end; but we should never be able to make them—never."

"Patience, my dears," said old Mr Courier, soothingly. "That's not what you will have to do. You will have plenty of those scrawls and strokes tied on to your legs and under your wings, but you will not be expected to write them. What you will have to do will be to learn geography."

"Geography!" The young Couriers looked quite terrified at the long word.

"I grant you," continued Mr Courier, "it is not easy; but it is a charming study, and, once acquired, your career is open to you, and your fortune as good as made. Geography and a little geometry. Don't be alarmed, my dears; those will be your principal studies."

"Dear grandpa," said the youngest of the Couriers, who was trembling with appreheasion and excitement, "did you have to learn geography and geometry when you were young?"

"Of course," answered Mr. Courier, promptly. "And what is more I was always the first in my class."

"Couldn't you give us a little lesson beforehand. Just to give us an idea of what we must do?" begged the little ones, coaxingly.

"Why not?" answered the old gentleman. "I have not the least objection. Stand all in a row on one leg, heads back," chests out attention. Now we will commence. Urri" (that was the eldest), "fly up to the highest branch of the tall walnut-tree, look well round you in all directions then come and report to me what you have seen."

Urri flew up to the high walnut-tree, and having looked around with an air of great importance, returned.

"Well," asked Mr. Courier, "what have you to say?"

"First of all," said Urri, "I looked down at our farmyard, noted the shape of our high, queer looking pigeon-house, and the roof of the farmhouse peeping in sharp pointed gables from among the trees. Then looking over the farmhouse, I saw in the distance the church-spire with the ivy hanging from its topmost point; to the west, the river; to the north, the neighbor's farmhouse with the stork's nest on the roof; and to the south, the wood with the rookery."

"Very good," said Mr Courier, approvingly. "Now, this is where geometry is useful. Suppose you are away from home. Now all of you pay attention. You fly up; well, you see nothing familiar to you, no house, no tree, no tower that you know. What must you do? Describe a circle, of course. As you describe the circle you are wide awake and keep a good look-out. You see nothing. What do you do? You set out in a straight line, say to the north, and there you describe another circle. Again you see no familiar landmark. You return to the point at which you commenced, draw another straight line in an exactly opposite direction to the previous one and describe your circle. No result. You return to the same point and draw a line to the west or east, draw another circle, and this time ten to one you will descry some familiar object by which you can direct your flight. But do not be alarmed. You will not learn all this at once. Your master will take you first but a little way from home, and then gradually increase the distance." So saying, Mr. Courier concluded his lesson.

The other pigeons had in the meantime been hopping around Fanchon, picking up crumbs that she threw to them, and chuckling at the news that the Couriers were to [illegible].

"Friends," said Lady Fantail, strutting about with great pride, "we have not to learn; we are the aristocracy. Look well, plume our feathers, hop gracefully, coo sweetly, that is what is expected of us. It is all very well for some people to learn and work, but there is something excessively plebian in it."

"You are quite right, Lady Fantail," said an ancient Dowager. "The aristocracy have privileges. I, for instance, do not bend my head, even before royalty. This favor has been granted to my family for ages. Look at my daughters," continued she, inclining by a jerk of her head a row of young lady pigeons near all still, and all mightily aristocratic—"Look at my daughters, pretty dears! They all take after their mamma."

While they were thus talking, a quarrel arose between the Dandies and the young Couriers. Old Mr. Courier did his best to separate the combatants, but it was of no [illegible].

They were, however, sadly in the minority as to numbers, and were on the point of yielding when Fanchon's papa entered the yard.

"My! my!" cried he, "what is going on? My young carriers set upon, and getting the worst of it, too! Why they are of more value than all the rest of the tribe put together. George," continued he, turning to his servant, "pack the whole lot of them off except the carriers. Sell them for what you can get. My carriers must have the dove cot all to themselves, they are old enough now to be trained. Ah! there you are my old friend," turning to Mr Courier, who, standing on one leg, the leg that was not wounded, listened with great interest and frequent marks of approbation to his master's words "how goes it with you? Come here, little Fanchon. Look at that Courier pigeon. He's a great warrior and a patriot to boot. He was entrusted with a number of important [illegible], and though he had to pass over the [illegible] of the German army, and was wounded badly he managed to keep up till he was just within the walls of Paris, when he fell among his friends, dear old fellow!"

So the Couriers were raised to high honor because they were useful and faithful, and the other pigeons were discarded.

Old Gentleman—"Wounded in the late war, were you? Badly?" Paddy—"The bullet hit me in the chist here, surr, an came out out at me back!" Old Gentleman—Come, come, Pat, that won't do! Why it would have gone right 'brough your heart, man!" Paddy—"Och, faix me heart was in me mouth at the thoime, surr!"

An ingenious mother who has long been bothered by the fastidiousness of her children at table has at last discovered a method of circumventing them. She places what she wants each child to eat before its neighbor at table, and of course each cries for what the other has, and the ends of justice are promoted.

Exaggeration is akin to lying.

A CROWN OF GOLD.

BY AMY RINGGOLD.

A LIGHT nourishing diet, and good wine—that's what she needs," said Doctor Osborne. "Medicine can do nothing here."

He spoke sorrowfully because he knew right well that what he was recommending was beyond his patient's power to obtain, and his heart ached for the positive despair that showed itself in the fair, pale face of his listener.

A beautiful girl of some nineteen or twenty, perhaps, upon whose lovely youth the blight of care and poverty had fallen heavily.

Doctor Charles Osborne, young and tender of heart, looking in the sad, blue eyes, and failing each moment more and more deeply in love with their owner, impulsively answered their despairing gaze as he might have answered spoken words.

"I would to Heaven that my means were equal to my will!" said he. "I am but a poor and struggling doctor, as you know; were it otherwise your mother should want for nothing."

The young girl blushed vivid crimson suddenly, and drew her slight figure up haughtily with a look of offended pride.

It was only for an instant, however—the next she held out her hand to him gratefully, and the tears in her blue eyes overflowed.

"I thank you for your sympathy," she said, simply, "and for your constant care, but for which she might not"—her eyes were on the bed again and her voice sank low—"she might not, perhaps, have been spared to me thus long. For the rest"—with a deep, deep sigh—"if there be any right way in the world to obtain it, she shall have the wine."

She stood for a few seconds looking after him, and listening to his footfall, as it echoed along the bare staircase and hall; and when the door closed after him, she let her face drop down upon her hands with a tearless sob.

"Can poverty bring us good gifts?" she moaned. "If so, it is only to torture us. In my poverty a true heart has come to me, but—it can never be mine!"

Then she went into the bare room, closing the door softly after her, and bent above the sleeping figure on the bed.

"Good food and wine," she murmured. "And she will die without them. How can I get them? How?"

Everything they possessed that would fetch a shilling had been sold; and had she not spent almost the whole of this weary day in trying to obtain work, and quite in vain?

"I know not what to do!" she sighed, despairingly, and turned away, and, half unconsciously, took off her bonnet.

As she did so a piece of wire escaping from the folds of crape caught in her comb and drew it out, and down tumbled a shower of golden hair upon her shoulders.

She took it up in her two white hands, abstractedly, and began to twist it into a careless coil.

Dora Tremaine gazed on it with a new appreciation of its beauty.

"A crown of gold!" she said, sadly and bitterly. "The last of all my ornaments. It was well enough when I was rich. When poor papa was alive, to take pride in it, and called me 'Golden Hair,' and deck it with pearls; but now—what do I want with it now?"

She took it down again, and shook it over her like a veil, and held it up, allowing the shining hairs to fall through her white fingers like golden rain.

"It is worth something," she said, thoughtfully. "If I had wanted to purchase it, when I had money, I should had to pay well for it—twenty dollars, perhaps. I wonder if Lily Edison would give me twenty now?"

A sad smile was on her face.

"I'll try," she muttered, resolutely, and began to coil it up again.

"Lily's hair was of exactly the same color," she mused, anxiously. "But she had not so much on all her head as I twist into one of these braids. She used to say, laughing, that she would gladly buy mine for its weight in gold. Well, I'll try."

Once more she put on her bonnet, and leaned over the bed.

"You shall not die for want of wine while your child wears a golden crown. Never, dear!"

Lily Ellison was an heiress and a belle.

Not so handsome as the fair rival who had been her bosom friend two years ago, beautiful Dora Tremaine but handsome enough—her rival having disappeared from "society" and being forgotten.

"I wonder what did become of Dora!" Lily would say to herself sometimes, but she never cared enough to do more than wonder.

So Lily Ellison's surprise was great indeed when her maid ushered Dora, unannounced into her boudoir that evening.

The pale girl came forward, with outstretched hands and excited eyes that saw no one but Lily.

"Do you remember me?" she asked, almost wildly. "We were dear friends and schoolmates once, you and I!"

She pulled the faded crape bonnet from her head.

"See! You used to envy me my golden crown. It's all that's left of those old days. My mother is sick—we need money surely. Lily, will you buy my hair!"

And she took out the comb, and down the glittering treasure fell no more a crown, but a cloak of shining beauty.

Dora held it up in her trembling hand:

"Buy it, for Heaven's sake!" she said, and she burst into a storm of tears. "Help me to save her life!"

And then, before Lily could gather breath for a reply, a firm hand caught Dora and placed her in a chair, and a brusque, deep voice, somewhat shaken by emotion, said:

"I'm your customer! There, there, cry, my poor child, cry all your grief away. You're with friends—look up, and see if you don't know me!"

Dora looked up into the speaker's face.

"Doctor Gray!" she cried, and hid her face in shame. "You here! I thought Miss Edison was alone. I thought——"

"That she would buy your crown of gold," said the old doctor, merrily. "So she would, I've no doubt, and be glad of the chance; but I've bought it. Whatever she offers, I'll double, my dear; and you're bound to sell to the highest bidder. Besides, it would do Miss Lily no good. I'm treating her for headache already."

"And what will you do with it," cried Lily, who by this time was embracing her old friend.

"Keep it—on the original owner's head—until I want it," said the old man. "How much do you bid, Miss Lily?"

"Five hundred dollars," answered Lily, boldly. "Now you."

"One thousand; and here's half of it to begin with."

So Dora went home in the old doctor's carriage, and in his company and care.

He laughed when she apologized for their miserable room.

"Pooh! pooh!" said he. "I was present when you made your first appearance in this world, child. You hadn't even your crown of gold then. Poor enough, forsooth. You needn't ever mind me. Who's been attending mother?"

"Doctor Charles Osborne," she told him, timidly, and a blush stole over her pale, beautiful face.

Then, as she saw them start and give a long whistle:

"Do you know him, sir?"

"Heard of him," said the old man, brusquely. "Smart fellow, but poor. Well, well, your mother is my old patient. You shall pay him, and I'll take the case myself."

He did.

Took it to his own luxurious house; thence to the seaside—restored Mrs. Tremaine to health at last, and surrounded both her and Dora with every comfort.

"How are we ever to repay you?" the girl asked him.

And his answer fairly took away her breath.

"I want a wife," said he, as abruptly as usual. "Your crown of gold is mine. Dora, will you give me all the rest?"

Poor Dora! What is a crown of gold compared to the heart?

She had neither seen nor heard of—and then she checked herself, and left Charles Orborne's name unuttered, and reminded herself of her debt of gratitude to Doctor Gray.

"I owe you more than my life," she sighed, "but I have no heart to give you. If my respect, esteem—if my deep gratitude will suffice you——"

"They will," said the old man. "I believe you love me dearly into the bargain. Will you give me your hand, pray?"

"Yes," she sighed, and placed it in his reluctantly.

He gave it a sounding kiss.

"Pretty little hand," said he. "I shan't keep you long. I shall give you to that lucky dog, my nephew!" and he threw open the door. "Come in, Charles," said he. "Here, I give you a wife!"

And he handed Dora over to Charles Osborne.

Ah, well, the old man had read the young heart rightly.

She uttered a cry of surprise and joy, but never a murmur of complaint, and—

"My heart's darling! Do you confirm my uncle's words?" her lover asked her.

She laid her blushing face against his breast.

"How can I do otherwise?" she answered, shyly. "Are they not his to do as he pleases with—my hand and my crown of gold—which I would have sold for him that sake!"

Time is money, but how little store we put by it. If one of the hours wasted each day on trifles or indolence was devoted to improvement, it would make an ignorant man wise in ten years.

A Harvard College student, who overturned a barrel of ashes on a sidewalk in Cambridge, was given the alternative by a policeman of shovelling them back or being "taken in." He shovelled the ashes back.

BY THE RIVER.

BY RITA

O ever-changing river
That seekest the changeless sea,
Where are the forms and faces
The years have shown to thee?

Glitter of golden haulberk,
And silver of swinging sword,
Down by the shallow scurry,
And over the darkling ford.

And here in this ferny corner,
Where the shadows fall on the spray,
A vision of weeping woman's eyes,
As her true love gallops away.

Say, didst thou note them, O river,
And gather them up, and nee
To waft them away to hide them
In the soundless depths of the sea?

Sheen of a prince's armor,
And glint of a trusty sword,
And blood-stained faces of fearless men
Dying to save their lord.

Soldiers, and statesmen, and courtiers
And cold-eyed priests, and a group
Of dainty, delicate maidens
In powder, and patch, and hoop.

Say, didst thou note them, O river,
And garner their smiles and tears?
Did their hearts beat high and falter
With old-world hopes and fears?

Did they look on thy deep, dark water
Where it mirrors the diamond spray,
And love, and struggle, and suffer
As we of this latter day?

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Across the gulf of the ages,
Where the secrets of silence sleep,
Comes a voice—"Ye are sisters and brothers
Who love, and suffer, and weep"

For the day goes by, and the morrow
Comes back as it did of yore,
And the love is the same, and the sorrow
Is the sorrows our fathers bore.

As the burden has been, so it shall be
Till the kind God bears us free
Down the stormy waves of the river
To the calm of the infinite sea.

A QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD.

OVER the household of the Queen of England, are many officers. Presiding over all are three great officers of State First the Lord Steward, now the Earl of Sydney. All that appertains to eating and drinking comes within his province. In early days not only did he punish the servants at his discretion, but he was the judge of life and limb for the dwellers in the palace; now his rule does not extend to chapel, chamber, or stable. He carries a white staff as a sign of his office. At the death of the sovereign he breaks the staff over the corpse.

Secondly, the Lord Chamberlain, now represented by the Earl of Kenmare, on whom devolves all matters connected with the furniture of the several palaces and royal residences, the royal wardrobe, state ceremonials, private audiences, and the licensing of plays. He issues the invitations to balls, concerts, etc., and he it is who holds sway over the long list of physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, dentists, (thirty-two in all), chaplains, comedians, the band, the trumpeters, and many members of the household.

Thirdly, The Master of the Horse, at present the Duke of Westminster. He regulates all matters connected with the horses, and the locomotion of the royal personages generally. He is the only officer of the household who, as a matter of right, can use royal carriages and servants. The three great officers change with the Ministry.

When Her Majesty ascended the throne, there was found to be no uniformity of system in these three departments. The male and female servants, having no master in the house, came and went as they pleased, committing many excesses, with no one to correct them. One part of the palace was under the control of the Lord Chamberlain, another of the Lord Steward, while the outside came under the sway of the Woods and Forests, so that to this department fell the supervision of the outside of the windows, while the Lord Chamberlain saw to the cleaning of the inside. The Lord Steward found the fuel and laid the fire, the Lord Chamberlain's people lighted it. He also provided the lamps while the Lord Steward trimmed and lighted them. Before even a pane of glass could be mended, so many officials had to be consulted that it took months to do it. The Queen, however, soon set things to rights.

In the "Imperial Calendar," published annually, is found a full and complete list of those who constitute the Queen's household. Under the Lord Steward there are over 150. First, the Treasurer of the Household, then the Comptroller, with their messengers and secretaries. The Treasurer, now the Earl of Bredalbane, is a very exalted personage, who, like the Lord Steward, carries a white wand of office. He has to check and examine all the accounts of the Board of Green Cloth for the expenses of the household. This Board of Green Cloth, is a sort of head housekeeper and butler rolled into one, and consists of a few clerks, whose duty it is to check the bills from the vouchers sent in by the first clerk of the kitchen. When the Queen is away, the servants are on board wages, and it is part of the duty of the clerk of the kitchen to know who is fed at the palace and to ascertain the market-price of each commodity, the only price recognized. The Board of Green Cloth gives orders for the payment of wages and board, looks after plate and linen, and the wine cellars.

Many cooks evidently do not spoil royal broth. Besides the clerk of the kitchen, clerk comptroller, and many clerks and assistants under them in the kitchen itself, there are the chief cook, and four master cooks under them, two yeomen of the kitchen, two assistant cooks, two roasting cooks, four apprentices, five scourers, three kitchen maids, one extra woman, a storekeeper man, two green cheese men and a steam apparatus man. But that is not all. In the confectionery department there are yeomen, assistants, and three women; and in the ewry department supervising the glass and china, there are yeomen of the ewry, three table deckers and assistants, and, lastly, wax fitters and assistants. In the silver pantry there are three yeomen and groom assistants, groom being used, as yeomen, to designate a young man between the sergeant and assistants, and under butlers. Still we have not yet done with the list of underlings. There are a coal porter and assistants for each palace, and two lamplighters and seven assistants. Under the head of porters there are state porters, including sergeant, yeomen, and under porters, as well as gentlemen porters. There are also eight marshalmen and yeomen and assistants of the steward's room and of the servants' hall, with ushers and assistants. Then there is a coroner, gardeners, and numberless gamekeepers, etc.

Another and very important department comes beneath his jurisdiction—viz., the distribution charities. The Lord High Almoner gives the fragments from the royal table and the cast-off clothes of royalty to the poor. He comes specially before the public on Maundy Thursday, when he distributes the Queen's Easter bounties at the Whitehall Chapel. This day was specially selected, because the Saviour is supposed then to have washed the disciples' feet. Until William III's time, many of the monarchs performed the same act of humanity. Now woolen and linen clothes and money are bestowed on old men and women whose number coincides with the age of the sovereign. When George II. reigned boiled beef and shoulders of mutton, bread and fish, were given away, the term Maundy being derived from the "maunds," or hand baskets in which the alms were placed. Now the money is an equivalent. All the old household linen from the palace is given to the hospitals.

When the Saxon kings dined the poor sat in the streets, waiting for the broken meats from the king's table, which this official had then to bring them. The old clothes of the royal family were sold and the proceeds given to the indigent and it was the High Almoners' duty to see that the distribution was made. But the cast-off habits had other uses, and sometimes found their way to theatrical wardrobes. Up to 1780, actors wore the royal livery of scarlet and gold.

The money comes out of what is called the Privy Purse, which was first instituted during George III.'s long illness; and it is strictly limited to the private expenses of the sovereign. The Keeper of the Privy Purse is one of those who constitute the Queen's personal household, together with the private secretary. The list of her immediate surroundings includes a personal attendant, the personal attendant and page, the director of Continental journeys, Highland servants, a resident medical attendant, the bailiffs on the several farms, and the head keeper.

The long array of housemaids and footmen are very strictly ordered. They have no perquisites; indeed, nothing is allowed to be taken from the palace, and no lovers or followers are permitted, but a kindly interest is shown in their welfare. They form part of a household where every member is studied. If they remain many years and become past work, they have pensions of $100 and upwards, according to their pay; and if they marry respectably their children are educated.

Grains of Gold.

Trust not too much to any man's honesty.

Never neglect an old acquaintance for a new one.

Suspect those who remarkably affect any one virtue.

A seeming ignorance of some things is often necessary in the world.

Difficulties are stones out of which the best of God's houses are built.

If we were not proud ourselves, we should not complain of the pride of others.

He that strives for the mastery must join a well-disciplined body to a well-regulated mind.

The man who can hold his tongue longest in a controversy is the one who will come out successfully in the end.

The slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient, if it produce amendment, and the greatest is insufficient if it does not.

Of all ignorance, that which is silent is the least protractive, for prayers may suggest an idea if they cannot start one.

Men believe that their reason governs their words, but it often happens that words have power to react on their reason.

Examinations are formidable, even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask more than the wisest man can answer.

When Aristotle was reproached for giving to an unworthy person, he replied: "I did not give to the man, I gave to humanity."

Right habit is like the channel, which dictates the course in which the river shall flow, and which grows deeper and deeper each year.

The same pride that makes us condemn the faults we might imagine ourselves exempt from, inclines us to despise the good qualities we are not possessed of.

A certain dignity—not stiffness or pride—of manners is absolutely necessary to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable in the world.

First study to acquire composure of mind and body. Avoid agitation or hurry of one or the other, especially just before or after meals, and while the process of digestion is going.

Heroism, self-denial and magnanimity, in all instances, where they do not spring from a principle of religion, are but splendid altars on which we sacrifice one kind of self-love to another.

So much injustice and self-interest enter into the composition of the passions, that it is very dangerous to obey their dictates; and we ought to be on our guard against them, even when they seem most reasonable.

Pride is more concerned than benevolence in our remonstrances to persons guilty of faults; and we reprove them not so much with a design to correct, as to make them believe that we ourselves are free from such failings.

To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find the time to set about it—this is as if a man should put off eating, drinking and sleeping from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.

Habits are growing upon us. Let us ask the grace of God, that they may be good habits. Years are being added to our lives faster than we realize. Let us make the most of them to do good. Let us walk in the light, and be happy.

If you have cause to suspect the integrity of one with whom you must have dealings, take care that you have no communication with him, if he has his friend and you have not; you are playing a dangerous game, in which the odds are two to one against you.

Feminilities.

Iron rust is the latest shade of brick-dust red.

Vandyke red is to take the place of cardinal.

Yellow will again be fashionable this spring.

The new Vandyke red is softer and darker than cardinal.

Mock pearl beads will bedeck some of the straw bonnets.

It is proposed to have girls for pages in the Ohio Legislature.

There will be a run on Roman-striped goods this spring.

An aged white woman in Georgia is living in a hen coop.

Nearly $70,000,000 United States bonds are owned by women.

Some Wisconsin school-girls of 15 were caught smoking cigarettes.

When a woman is disappointed in love she can make a fool of herself as successfully as a man.

Which causes a girl the most pleasure to hear herself praised or hear another girl run down?

We have seen women not only too weak to bear food, but too weak to bear contradiction.

Most of their faults women owe to us, whilst we are indebted to them for most of our better qualities.

There never was a thoroughly happy marriage where the husband was master and the wife his servant.

There is a silly sentimental impression that if a woman loves her children, she cannot go far wrong through her other faculties.

A lady witness in a police court in Canada refused to kiss the Bible because the cover was so dirty, and her refusal was respected.

Colored women may not always be wise, but none of them was ever foolish enough to wear a piece of white court plaster on her chin.

"When I was first married," said a middle-aged lady, "my husband looked only for happiness, but very soon he only found fault."

A Detroit lady called at a drug store, the other day and said: "I want a tooth-brush—a real nice one. I want it for a spare bedroom."

"Your intended is hideous," said a frank French friend.—"True," says she; "but if you only know how they notice me when he's with me!"

It was a well-meant but novel compliment from a lady, who declared to her parson she did not know which most to admire—his sermon or his wife's new dress.

A farmer's dog in Illinois set his teeth into the fellow who was taking a girl out through a window, for the purpose of elopement, and held on until the father came.

"Your late husband, madam," began her lawyer. "Yes, I know he was always late out o' nights, but now that he's dead don't let us upbraid him," said the charitable widow.

There is often just as much vindictiveness wrapped up in the "Oh, shucks!" of a woman as there is in the well-developed and complicated swearing of a Texas cowboy.

A gentleman thus advertises in a London newspaper: "Can any lady (Church) with means love a gentleman, twenty-six, at present penniless? By unavoidable misfortunes!"

Lady Violet Greville, of London, who has been writing essays, tells women to "beware of male friends. Female friends are shifty, unstable, and not always true, but men are worse."

A lady cleared the house of flies last summer by putting honey on her husband's whiskers when he was asleep. The flies struck fast and when he went out of the house he carried them off with him.

A young bride read Mother Shipton's prophecy for the first time the other day. "Just my luck!" she exclaimed, throwing down the paper, "Here I am just married, and now the world's coming to an end!"

Domestic Pleasantry.—When a down town man told his wife that he hoped he would go to some place where there were no fires to make after he died, she merely replied that was where he ought to have been long ago.

"Etiquette" writes to us to inquire if in our opinion it would be proper for him to support a young lady if she was taken with a faint—even if he hadn't been introduced. Proper, young man, certainly—prop her by all means.

The latest rage among young ladies was to possess an old-fashioned spinning-wheel for a parlor ornament. The desire to possess an old-fashioned wash-board and tub doesn't rage much among young ladies as a parlor ornament.

They went to her and gently broke the news to her that her husband had been run over by the cars and had one leg cut off. Her grief was terrible to witness. "Mercy!" she cried, "he had his best new trousers on, and of course they're spoiled!"

In Missouri there is a lady of sleep walking tendencies, and what makes her madder than anything else is that in a recent attack of somnambulism she cut off her long beautiful hair, and did it up in a handsome braid, without knowing anything about it.

Clandestine marriages seldom bring happiness: the woman who sacrifices home, and mother's and father's affection for a lover, unless the parents are unusually unreasonable, generally reaps that reward which follows in the steps of ingratitude and disobedience.

"Mad!" exclaimed a girl. "I guess I am as mad as a hornet. There I've been playing a certain jolly tune on the piano every Sunday for the last ten years, it's such fun to be a little wicked you know, and now, come to find out, it's a psalm tune. Was ever anything so aggravating!"

A Connecticut parson claims the honor of having married the first couple in 1881. Two persons requested to be married at his house just on the dividing line between the old year and the new, and the words pronouncing them husband and wife were completed just after the clock struck 12.

News Notes.

They say tea makes red noses.

Alaska has only four white women.

New York had 152 suicides last year.

Yellow will again be fashionable in the spring.

Unnecessary fires cost this country $10,000 an hour.

Chamois leather gloves, with wrinkled wrists, are new.

A dress for bridesmaids is of two shades of pale blue satin.

Philadelphia has over twelve thousand miles of street lamps.

Cat skins, as chest protectors, it is said, will prevent rheumatism.

Handsome houses now have their dining rooms wainscoted with tiles.

A Cincinnatian has sued a man who put out his eye, for $10,000 damages.

In Great Britain lawyers enjoy the longest lives; next to them come clergymen.

A pound of copperas poured into a gallon of warm water is a good disinfectant.

At a Paris pawnshop is this notice: "Nothing can be lent on false teeth set in rubber.

The total amount of the funds held by Harvard University is reported to be $8,000,000

In a raid on gambling dens in Washington two Senators and six Representatives were captured.

An alligator was frozen near Nashville. It was discovered with its head sticking up through an air-hole.

The Secretary of the Interior is known to the Indians as Old Man Who-Sees-Through Windows-on-his-nose.

In Sweden and Norway, in snowy weather, trusses of hay and straw are tied to the lamp-posts for the birds.

The highest price ever paid for Chicago real estate was $4,125 per improved front foot, and the sale was recently made.

It is asserted that licenses for liquor selling are refused in nearly two-thirds of the cities and towns of Massachusetts.

Professor Proctor says he believes that with a good telescope one may see 100,000,000 suns, save the centre of a universe.

Arkansas is a poor place to get along in. A young man on his wedding day was taken out and hung for stealing a $5 horse.

The favorite mode of suicide in France is by the use of charcoal, or by jumping from a height. That of Germany is by drowning or shooting.

A wealthy California lady, who for fifteen years believed that her mother was dead, recently found her in the Chicago Home for the Friendless.

Milwaukee has passed an ordinance assessing its horse-railroad companies $5,000 a year for each mile of the streets on which their tracks are laid.

The planting and raising of trees in cities is advocated on the ground that their color is a relief to the optic nerve, and in that way beneficial to the eye.

The story of the French chemist who compressed his dead wife's body into a seal ring, which has escaped resurrection for several years, is on its travels again.

A bowler in a Cleveland bowling alley had a ball poised to roll, when a bystander made an insulting remark, and he threw it at the offender, killing him by cracking his skull.

There are two Bishops staying at a French watering place—the Bishop of Gibraltar and the Bishop of Jamaica. They are known there by the abbreviated names of "Gib" and "Jam."

A farmer in Indiana lost forty sheep by dogs recently in one night. It was too much for him, and he took his gun and set out. Before he was satisfied he killed twenty-three dogs belonging to his neighbors.

William Ferguson, aged 80 years, of this State, recently married Mrs. Margaret Wilson, seventy years old, of Delaware. It is said that they were engaged fifty years ago, but a quarrel arose that separated them.

At the inaugural ball in Washington the following is to be the regular supper, for which $1 is to be charged: Chicken salad, lobster salad, stewed oysters, fried oysters, sandwiches, tea, coffee, tea, and "relishes." For 50 cents there will be a lunch of crackers and cheese.

The youngest bride yet recorded is in South Carolina, where a girl named Posey was lately married to a man named Sconell. She is only eight years of age, and the ceremony was performed with the full permission of the child's mother, who was present at the marriage.

There has been presented to the New Hampshire Historical Society a pocket-knife which was carried by President Lincoln on the night of the assassination. It is a six-bladed, pearl-handled knife, with one blade broken, and has Mr. Lincoln's name engraved on the handle.

The Cross of the Legion of Honor is counted especially honorable when worn by a tradesman in France. A legionary who goes through the Bankruptcy Court ceases to belong to the order. To be decorated is to be sure of credit. Merchants, therefore, strive hard to obtain decoration, which must not be paraded in advertisements, or on trade circulars or cards.

A young Chicagoan gave an elaborate dinner to nine friends at the Union Club in that city. The entertainment was well advanced, when a steward entered the room and whispered to the host that his mother was at the door demanding his retirement from the festivity. He went out to plead his cause, but she resolutely laid hold of him, led him to the family carriage, and took him home. The guests finished the dinner with one vacant chair.

AVOID A COSTIVE HABIT of BODY, not only because of the attending discomfort, but lest it engender more serious consequences. Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills are either Laxative or Cathartic, according to the dose, and may be depended upon to produce healthy secretions of the Liver and Stomach.

A SPECIAL OFFER.

BEATTY'S ORGANS ONLY $85.

A $450 17 Ston Cabine or Parlor Organ for only $85 cash.

Style No. 8000, 5 full set Golden Tongue Reeds, 17 Stops, &c.

Welcome to 1881. Something Original.—With the new year comes to the front, the grandest invention in reed organs the Celestina, or French Horn.

☞ This beautiful solo Stop is connected with a set of reeds so tuned and voiced as to exactly imitate a French Horn. The imitation is so marked, that should an amateur musician be standing with his back to the organ it would puzzle him to determine whether it was really an organ or a horn. Besides, this instrument will contain the world renowned Vox Celeste the sweetest stop ever before placed in an organ, charming is the exclamation every where. Also the Vox Humana. A powerful set of Sub Bass Reeds, and Octave Coupler which doubles the power by pressing your finger on a key of the instrument, the key an octave higher will come down itself. Do not buy an organ unless it contains an octave coupler. If you do, you are cheated out of one of the finest improvements in reed organs. Be sure the instrument you purchase contains an octave coupler. Buy no other.

New style No. 800 contains 17 stops, 5 full set of Golden Tongue Reeds, 5 octaves, beautiful walnut case, french veneering. Handles, lamp stands, pocket for music extra large fancy top. Beatty's new patent stop action. Height 75 in, depth 24 in. length 64 in. weight, boxed, about 450 lbs. The pedals instead of being covered with carpet are made of metal. Upright bellows made from the very best quality of rubber cloth. It contains a sliding lid and has rollers for moving. It is by far the best organ for the money ever built in this country. Agents (monopolist price) for such an instrument would range from $150 to $450 according to the customer.

My price (having no Agents) boxed, delivered on board cars here with stool, book, music ONLY $85

This offer is special in order to introduce this new instrument. It is a trifle above the actual cost to build.

Every one who has examined this style wonders how I can produce so fine an organ for so small amount. My reply to them is, I have the very best facilities for manufacturing, and in my enormous and increasing trade I usually get out from 1 to 2 thousand of one style at a time, and it is perfectly plain to be seen that I can manufacture at a much less cost than smaller concerns. A little margin on each satisfies me. Every instrument sold is a standing advertisement, they are sure to recommend themselves so high that often 25 sales are traced from the first one sold.

ORGANS & PIANOS. Organs, Church Chapel & Parlor, $30 to $1000. 2 to 32 Stops. Baby Organs as low as $15. Pianos Grand Square and Upright, $125 to $1500. Every instrument is shipped on test trial and fully warranted 6 years. Money cheerfully refunded and freight charges paid by me both ways if found in any way not just as represented in this Advertisement or my Catalogues &c.

My Holiday Offers are extended until April 30th. Remittances may be made by Bank Draft, Post Office Money Orders, Express Prepaid or Registered Letter. Please send reference or some evidence of your responsibility if you do not remit with order. ☞ Be sure to visit my factory here or send for my Illustrated Catalogue before you decide to buy elsewhere. WILL YOU DO THIS?

Address or call on DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

John Wanamaker.

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If you cannot visit the city, send to us by postal card for *Housekeeper's Price List*, and *Underwear Price List*.

We fill orders by letter from every State and Territory at same prices charged customers who visit the store, and allow same privilege of return.

The stock includes Dress Goods, Silks, Laces, Fancy Goods, and general outfits.

This is the particular season in which to get and prepare Housekeeping Dry Goods—Sheetings, Pillow Materials, Linens, Napkins, Towels, etc. It is also the season for Ladies' Underwear. The Grand Depot contains the greatest variety of goods in one establishment in the United States, and exchanges or refunds money for things that do not suit, upon examination at home.

Grand Depot, Philadelphia.

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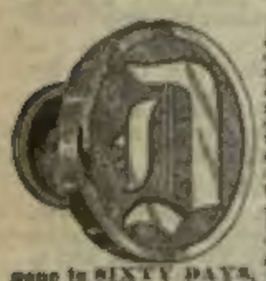
This most wonderful invention has been before the public (in its perfected form) but a short time and the sales have been immense, which is the surest test of its unparalleled merit; and orders are received from every country on the globe. It is a new theory, and a decided departure from the old method. Mason's Chart fits over the keys of a Piano or Organ, indicating exactly where and how the hands are to be placed, and the proper keys to strike, changing its position and arrangement to suit the key in which the piece is written that you wish to play. They are perfectly infallible in their results. If you can read you can play the Piano or Organ in one day better than some teachers could teach you in three months. If you have no Piano you can learn at some friend's house, and astonish all with your knowledge. DEXTER SMITH, the editor of the leading Musical Paper in the world, says: "They should find a place in every Home, whether there is a Piano or Organ or not. They are to Music what the Multiplication Table is to Arithmetic." It gives decided satisfaction in every case. It cannot do otherwise saving as it does, a hundred times its cost, and in its great simplicity has its unequalled success. MUSIC TEACHERS THEMSELVES UNHESITATINGLY ENDORSE IT. The price is one dollar for a complete set (4 charts) and includes payment of postage by us. $7 per doz. to Agents, or the trade by express. Special offer, to every purchaser of MASON CHARTS who will state in what paper they saw the advertisement, and will agree to show the charts to their friends we will give as a FREE PRESENT our Music Album with 16 pieces of choice music, instrumental and vocal. Those wishing the Album sent by mail prepaid will enclose 10 cents extra, otherwise send by express. No one will regret inquiring to play the Piano or Organ, it is the greatest of all accomplishments. Address C. H. Spaulding & Co., 57 Washington St., Boston, Mass., Agents.



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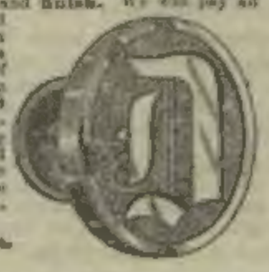

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The most marvellous mechanical invention of the age. It will play any tune in a melodious and pleasing manner. Difficult and simple music produced in a masterly style, and it can be played by a child as well as by a grown person and will furnish music for social gatherings of any description, playing hour after hour, without any knowledge of music being required in the operation. The most wonderful of all musical inventions; a machine which in a purely mechanical manner produces any kind of music, Waltzes, Polkas, Marches, &c., &c., without any practice or knowledge of music whatever; in this respect far superior to any music-box, for there is no limit whatever to the number of tunes it will play. The perforations in a flexible strip produce the effect. It has just been perfected (the accompanying cut showing it in its improved form), and is having the largest sale ever obtained by a musical instrument in the country. It has fine black walnut cases, highly decorated, the notes or bars (the music producers) are metal, on same principle as a tuning fork, which produce clear and most melodious notes, and never get out of tune; the bars are struck by strikers, the same as the wires are in a piano, only they work automatically instead of by the fingers. The strip of prepared paper in which the tunes is stamped or perforated, is about 10 inches wide, and as it passes through the rollers and over the keys, the strikers spring through the perforations in the paper and strike the right note; this is all done automatically, without any assistance from the operator (except turning the rollers), and the tune is played perfectly. It would be one of the most appropriate presents to make any one, especially where there is no other musical instrument. Its execution is admirable, and its capacity or capabilities almost unlimited. It is selling faster than any musical instrument ever invented. The music is fine, and everybody delighted. The price of the Piano-ette is only $5, including a selection of popular tunes. Address, The MASSACHUSETTS ORGAN CO., 57 Washington St., Boston, Mass., U. S. A., Sole Manufacturers.

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These little instruments are now very popular, and the music produced is very sweet. Having obtained from GERMANY a large invoice of these goods, of the best make, and can sell them at the following low prices:—

10 Double Notes, 4 slides, nine plates, brass polished sides, in box	$1.00
6 Double Notes, same finish as above	.90
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20 Double Notes, extra fine, concert harmonica, tuned very harmonic, 2 slides, brass plate, Engraved German Silver Sides, each in box	2.50 1.25
40 Double Notes, same as above	

We will send either one of these Select Harmonicas, by mail, post-paid on receipt of price, and 25 cents extra, in postage stamps, for postage. VIOLIN OUTFITS, including bow, box, &c., $1.75, $3.00, $6.50. Our New Illustrated Catalogue, sent on receipt of stamp. MASSACHUSETTS ORGAN CO., 57 Washington St., Boston.

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Every person their own Fortune Teller. With this Book you can tell your own or any person's fortune far better than any Astrologer, Clairvoyant, or Medium can for you. It foretells exactly what will happen to you in the future; it gives the hidden Secrets of Love, and how to manage, what to say, and what to do to gain the affections, the love, the heart and the hand of the person you desire to marry; it gives the Art of Telling Fortunes by the Lines of the Hand; it contains a Complete Dictionary of Dreams, so that you can at once interpret any Dream as soon as you hear it. It tells you a Charm to Protect you from Danger; it teaches how to make the Lucky Dream Book; who your Husband or your Wife shall be; the Love Letter Charm; how to know the Sex of Children Before Birth; to know how soon you will Marry; to know what Fortune you will have; the Lover's Charm; the only true method to tell Fortunes by Tea or Coffee cup; to know if your love of a person will be mutual; it tells your Lucky Days; Fortune Telling by Cards; what you will be successful in; what your absent Wife or Husband is doing; what your Future Destiny is; whether your Wife, Husband or Intended is true to you; whether you will ever Marry or not; whether you will have Money left you; whether your Marriage will be happy; how to be successful in your love affairs; whether you will be a widow; whether you will die Rich or Poor; Seven Signs of speedy Marriage; Signs how to Choose a good Husband or Wife; in fact there is no end to the mysterious revelations unfolded in its pages. Sample Copy, and Terms to Agents, sent by Mail, post paid, for 25c Coins, or Five copies to one address for $1.00. Ask Four friends to buy one each, and get your own book free.

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140 'Tis Hard to Give the Hand where the Heart Can Never Be.
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142 Erin's Lovely Home.
143 Over the Hills to the Poor House.
144 Paddy's Land.
145 Don't be Angry with Me, Darling.
146 The Old Village School on the Green
147 Woodman, Spare That Tree.
148 Darling Minnie Lee.
149 | Hat Flirtation—Comic.
150 | Flirtation of the Fan—Comic.
151 Why did She Leave Him?
152 A Quiet Little Home.
153 Thou hast Learned to Love Another
154 There's None Like a Mother, if ever so Poor.
155 You were False, but I'll Forgive
156 The Bells of Shandon. (You.
157 Whisper Softly, Mother's Dying.
158 Erin's Green Shore.
159 Will You Love Me when I'm Old?
160 Gathering Shells by the Sea Shore.
161 Little Rosebud.
162 By the Sad Sea Waves.
163 Come into the Garden, Maud.
164 The Harp; or Ireland's Resurrection.
165 Where there's a Will there's a Way.
166 God Bless My Boy at Sea.
167 Annie Laurie.
168 Sherman's March to the Sea.
169 Come, Birdie, Come.
170 Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.
171 Ever of Thee.
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196 Molly Bawn.
197 Sally in our Alley.
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FASHION NOTES.

FASHION has decidedly taken a picturesque turn for children's attire, and, while always patronizing the comfortable Princess frock, admits many other novel designs. Novel, did I say? In their adaptation, perhaps, but not in their origin; for the fickle dame has gone rusticating, and brought forward for our imitation the funniest modifications of villagers' costumes. The old milkman's elaborate yoke is reproduced with bright stitchery on the little smock-frocks which are still all the rage, whether in cloth, twill, serge, or in the palest foulard, trimmed with Spanish lace. Plenty of blouse dresses follow in the rear. Only the other day I was admiring one in toast-colored flannel, adorned with cherry-colored plush. It beautifully fitted a demure child of seven years. Plush piped the yoke, below which the dress bulged out gradually at the back till confined by a large sash bow low down, above two four-inch flounces. Another singular feature consisted in two narrow stole ends, which extended from the small square collar right to the very edge of the front. In a second blouse frock, of garnet cashmere, silver and white braid gave a most pleasing effect to yoke, cuffs, and pockets; and here the fulness, back and front, was arranged in minute plaits, terminating, however, at about six inches from the lower part, when the fronts ingeniously mingled with a rolled silk scarf, as though they had been cut in extra length, then crossed, and intertwisted with the silk. But the queerest of costumes is a new frock, which suits admirably the granny bonnet. Picture a bodice gathered across its width seven or eight times, high shouldered, and tapering slightly to the waist, then set into the band of a skirt as straight and skimp as a skirt can be! The sleeves, in keeping, are ganged at the armholes and elbows, the fulness between hanging like a loop quite over the top of the plain narrow cuff. As an outdoor costume this gown makes up well in any of the popular tweeds, homespuns, etc., while the crowning point, the "hundred years ago" bonnet, has a full back in camel's hair, and a plush brim lined with cream satin; a sable or lynx's tail may be curling over the top. Indeed, black comes in rather incongruously on juvenile apparel, witness black plush trimmings on cream and drab cloth paletots! The majority of the granny bonnets, however, have fur brims, either French sable chinchilla, or white hare, swansdown, etc., as most appropriate for the age of the child. The crowns and curtains are made of the same fabric as the ulster or paletot. In these outdoor garments fuzziness and light coloring prevail. Fleecy angola, knopped, and astrachan cloths are universal in greys and fawns for girls from six to twelve; in sky blue, pink, biscuit, and, above all, ivory color for little "tots." The paletot or ulster buttons down, generally leaving visible merely the scarlet or blue bain yenne plaiting which edges the frock. The most dressy coats are brightened up with hoods, pockets, etc., in claret or beryl blue plush.

The great comfort in the present fashions is that they are so much what each individual fancies, or is most becoming to, so that we may have short or long dresses, tight fitting or puffed skirts, just as we please. For the latter a little crinoline is again worn; only at the back of the dress, however, to keep out puffings. Sometimes it is made of steel, but oftener entirely formed of stiff muslin, flounce over flounce.

In regard to petticoats, I cannot but notice the fashion and the dainty design of all underclothing just now, and the profusion of lace used in the adornment of the various articles. For the winter few people wear the silk underclothing that has been so popular during the summer, and the chief part is now made of fine cambric most elaborately trimmed with lace; but for light dresses plush petticoats, made just wide enough to allow one to walk, and very short, with a lace balayeuse, are generally worn. This most popular material still remains in favor, and many of the winter walking costumes are made of it; and as the mantles are so long this season, a simple style is adopted, consisting of a quite plain short skirt and a long cuirass bodice, the former relieved only by the narrow frill of silk which now is indispensable with the walking costumes. The favorite color to form, so to speak, the foundation of the outdoor dresses (for the trimmings are very gay) is brown of all shades—seal brown, monk's brown, and a rich orange brown called Capucine, being the most fashionable.

The favorite mixture of colors is some shade of gold or yellow with these, but sometimes blue, and even myrtle green is used with good effect, and where the costume is not of plush it almost invariably forms the trimming. A good model for a walking costume is of chevriot cloth, seal brown in color, the short skirt trimmed with two bands, about three inches wide, of plush of the same color. The trimming above consists of a scarf of the cloth bordered to correspond, with plush crossing the front in folds, puffed behind, and drawn up with a thick cord and tassels of silk. The long basqued bodice has no trimming save collar and cuffs of plush.

A somewhat striking winter toilette is of Russian green plush and fine woolen material of the same color. The pleated skirt of the latter is encircled with a folded drapery of red surah, and the deep jacket-bodice of plush has a fichu scarf of surah passed round the neck, then caught in the fastening of the bodice at the waist, below which it again reappears, and is fastened carelessly at the left side, or left to hang loose according to taste or fancy.

Another freak of fashion, and at the same time a "work of labor and skill," assumes the form of a jacket bodice of dark brown satin, finely gathered all over front and back, including, of course, the basques and sleeves; the skirt of velvet matched to the satin is bordered with a pleated flounce, above which is a drapery of satin gathered in the centre to the width of about ten inches, and bordered with chenille fringe.

It may be as well to add that the gathers on turn's and bodice are done horizontally, and not more than a nail breadth apart, and that the style would only be suitable for a slight, moderately-tall figure. The costume is completed for out-door wear by a velvet visite matched to the dress and trimmed with plush of the same shade; the chapeau to accompany the toilette is of brown plush with gold ornaments, and the muff is of gathered satin in the centre, with bordering of plush and lining of gold-colored satin.

Demi-saison dresses are now occupying attention, and the re-trimming of black dresses especially is a matter of consideration with the economical.

Black camel's-hair costumes, that were made in the late autumn, are now freshened up with satin brocade, having raised velvet figures on it. Those with vermicelli designs look best. This embossed velvet is used for panels, cuffs, square pocket on basque, and collar. Plush is used in the same way, but purple-red and olive plush are used in preference to black—indeed, some dresses are re-trimmed with either old-gold or pale blue plush. The half-worn buttons on the bodice can be replaced with crochet silk ones.

A coat bodice of black embossed velvet is a good investment at this time of year, as it may be worn with various skirts. Such a bodice is rarely trimmed, but a rich chenille fringe tipped with jet, added round the neck and across the front, renders it more dressy. Care should be taken to weight all these coat bodices both at the back and front, so as to keep the edges from turning up, and the basque from wrinkling when the wearer is seated.

For evening wear black dresses are now re-trimmed with white jetted lace, and often the front breadth is white Sicilienne, with lines of white beaded passementerie. For half mourning, lavender silk is used for the front breadths, and these are trimmed across with jetted lace flounces, headed with scarves of lavender surah. The black bodice has a lavender waistcoat, covered with lines of white Duchesse lace; the sleeves terminate with Duchesse lace ruffles.

An attempt is made to revive large sleeves, flowing for jackets, and gathered at the shoulder and bottom for dresses, but it is doubtful whether it will prevail in the spring styles.

The leading shops are already displaying cotton and woolen spring goods; the former are especially conspicuous in the display.

The cotton satteens have closely twilled surfaces with a lustre like satin; the grounds are dark—either plum, brown, blue, or the deepest garnet, and these are strewn with rather large figures of some graceful flower, such as fuchsias or lilies with pale green foliage; to go with this figured fabric, which now makes the over-dress, or at least the jacket waist, is plain satteen of the color of ground. The batistes are soft and delicate in quality, with Japanese designs and quaint coloring on the palest cream, lavender, and pink grounds, pinks, chrysanthemums, small peonies, and other flowers of the distinctive Japanese taste. They are usually supplied with a wide border of larger figures than those in the body of the fabric.

The popular Scotch ginghams are shown in very fine qualities and colors. The newest designs have wide stripes made up of many smaller stripes, and also large plaids, or else perfectly plain colors. And the favorite combination of colors seems to be pink with blue, and there are three times as many blue-and-white ginghams as of any other color; besides there are stripes in new contrasts of color, such as olive, red, black, and buff lines forming an inch wide stripe beside a pale blue stripe two inches broad, shading off into white.

These colors are also shown in the large plaids which are to take the place of the handkerchief dresses of last year. Plain grounds, with a border in contrasting color, are also shown in soft-finished percals, in which dark grounds promise to be particularly useful.

Dresses are more and more ornate, and the intermingling of draperies, scarfs, puffs, embroidered tabs and flounces of passementerie woven with gold silver, or steel, go to make up the many problems of fashion's caprices.

Fireside Chat.

BIRDSKINS AND FEATHERS FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES, ETC.

HARVEST of the traveler and sportsman—well preserved home and foreign birdskins—can be used to great advantage in a variety of ways, as sofa, settee, or chair backs, footstools, foot-warmers, mantelpiece-borders, piano-backs, screen-panels, rugs, couvrepieds, etc. For the first-mentioned purposes it is best to mount them on fine strong linen, the exact shape and size of the birdskin, or skins, if several are combined. On this is tacked a piece of flannel, well powdered with camphor, or any other preventive of moths, or a scent.

The plumage should in all cases be put to stroke downwards, and, if not thick or fluffy enough to set out well and follow the curves of the furniture, be wadded to do so, fining off the wadding towards the edges, in which case the scent or powder can be put into the wadding. The next thing to do is to fasten the thus-prepared plumage on a strip of cloth, velvet, satin or brocade of the desired size, and some well-contrasting or harmonizing color, such as maroon, plum, gold dead leaf, mahogany, or black.

The choice of these colors and textures of grey look well on crimson, maroon and plum, or a light but dull blue now much used again in artistic furniture. All shades of yellow and canary show best on russet browns, mahogany, deep plums or black peacock and other brilliant metallic blues and greens on black, mahogany, and dead French grey, or soft biscuit color. Cardinal and scarlet plumage mount best on old-gold, leather-brown, or cigar color.

If the birdskins used are small, several of one kind should be put together so as to form a continual strip, or if enough of one kind are not forthcoming, they should be grouped so as to bring the most brilliant or decided colors into the middle of the strip or group. For settees, besides the centre strip for the back, a border for the seat can be applied with capital effect.

Peacock's feathers, so profusely used now in furniture decoration, are admirably adapted for decorating seats of old-fashioned settees.

One we saw had the narrow-cushioned panels of the back covered in bright gold-colored brocade bordered thickly with peacock neck feathers and a narrow horizontal device of matchless eye feathers in the centre of each panel. The seat had a border of neck feathers.

Two low stools and a couple of old-fashioned high-backed chairs were decorated to match, as well as the lid panel of a chest or casket destined to contain art treasures in needlework. The woodwork was all in dark carved oak.

A table cover of soft oak-brown cloth had a twelve-inch band of gold brocade with a waving line of eye feathers on it, and a shield device in one corner, on which, with great skill, a coat of arms was worked, with the long gold fronds stripped from the tail feathers, something like the old-fashioned hair embroidery.

Foot-stools and foot-warmers, the latter mounted on a box frame, into which hot-water bottles, jars, or hot bricks are put, can be decorated with less costly birdskins as of golden pheasant, guinea fowl, and other home and foreign birds. Any such should be provided with handles for carrying them about, as catching the plumage in lifting destroys the effect.

For mantelpiece borders peacocks' feathers are particularly adapted, laid on in thick fringes, running patterns, or clusters on plush, cloth, satin or velvet. Sometimes the fringe consists of the fronds stripped from the tail-feathers mounted thickly on a galoon or tape, with an overlapping slanting row of eyes behind this, the same being repeated on the upper edge, and sometimes again where the shelf lies to the wall. This has a simple, but very rich effect. The ground should be chosen to throw out all the shades of the eyes. Grisaendre, pearl, French grey, pale peacock blue, old-gold, citron, Indian red, black, salmon color, and faded leaf and myrtle green, are amongst the most successful foundations. Plush is now the favorite material for these decorations.

They are very handsome on a fireplace-board, the foundation of which should be the size of the fireplace it is intended to fit into, covered with red twill, or any other colored material. The feathers look best arranged in circles, commencing at the edge and working towards the centre. A row of eye feathers, and then two or three rows of small neck and breast ones laid on thick to hide all the quills, and then a second row of eyes have a pretty effect. A large rosette of red or peacock blue or green satin, in the piece, looks effective for a centre, with three or four eye feathers put in among the fulness. Velvet is also suitable, or plush. But if one is able to obtain the head of the bird, it would look better than anything else.

I have seen pheasants' feathers mixed with the peacocks', and the head of some richly-tinted foreign bird as the centre. Also a scrap of Oriental embroidery or satin, worked with silks fitted in, surrounded by feathers. It is best to dip the quills into very strong gum, and lay the feathers on the foundation, smearing the gum on to those on each side to keep all together.

If a person has not a great quantity of feathers, it is easy to cover a board with green or red satin sheeting, and arrange them in a sort of design, showing the background, laying on the larger feathers first, either in circles, sideways, each one covering the preceding quill, or with the quills turned toward the centre, and a row of small ones, laid on the other way, very close, hiding them; the small ones laid on sideways, like a feather band. Deep pendant fringes of many other fringes, either of one kind or judiciously mixed, look well, headed with a band of shorter or neck feathers.

The exquisite and various-hued paroquet's and parrot's plumage, green, blue, cardinal, flesh-pink, and yellow, can be applied in India in groups, or worked into regular designs with great success. Large scollops, with rosettes composed of vari-colored tufts of each feather gems, set in each, have a good effect.

At a French convent school, where feather-work has been carried to great perfection, a mantel valance and table border were recently worked in a deep floral pattern, entirely composed of bright-hued feathers, representing upward of twenty different flowers, the stems of the garland alone being traced with chenille. So complete the illusion, the tiniest humming birds and bright tropical butterflies were hovering above the flowers. The foundation was satin cloth of the most delicate blue.

At a German school of art this work was carried out in white, pale yellow, and light green feathers as garlands of white and yellow jasmine, on a deep myrtle-green foundation of plush.

The upright piano backs give a wide scope for peacocks' feather application. Choice tail-feathers may be laid on in flat sheaves, crossed and tied with a handsome bow of very wide ribbon, and a border of eyes being put all round the edge of the back. Black plush or satin cloth make a handsome foundation for this device. Groups of three interlaced rings of eye-feathers, laid on flat, look well with a border of frondle round edge of back.

The astonishment excited in an English general by the irregular mode of warfare pursued by the Americans in the Revolution is amusing. "They fight unfairly, firing jagged pieces of iron and every sort of devilment—nails, broken pokers, old locks of guns, gun barrels, everything that will do mischief. A twenty-four pound shot in the stomach is fine—we die heroically; but a brass candlestick for stuffing, with a garnishing of rusty tenpenny nails, makes us die ungentecly, and with the colic."

Answers to Inquirers.

A. E. C. (Belfore, O.)—No.

W. J. H. (Robinson, Neb.)—Consult a lawyer.

SUBSCRIBER, (Trinity, Tex.)—The back numbers of the POST will cost you five cents each.

M. E. T. (Kent, Md.)—You will find the names of the precious stones, their meaning, etc., in a recent back number of the POST.

HILDEGARDE HOMESTEAD, (Buckville, S. C.)—Write direct to the College. They will doubtless take pleasure in letting you know.

FANNY K. (Orono, Mich)—There is no charge. Send it on, and if good enough we will use it. Send stamps for its return in case of rejection.

H. A. A. (Bahia, La.)—Advocacy of the measures you mention is not in our line. There are many things in this world that we must endure patiently.

H. A. T. (Houston, Tex.)—It is not etiquette for the bride and groom to keep on their gloves while eating supper, for it is not good sense to think of such a thing.

W. A. (Warren, Ind.)—Calcutta is the capital of Bombay, and the seat of government of British India. We must refer you to a cyclopædia for the answer to your other question.

J. S. W.—Address the "American Agriculturist," New York City, New York. There is nothing better published in this or any other country. It publishes a list of what books you want.

FONTE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Andante is a musical term signifying a movement which is slow, graceful, distinct and powerful. Until about the beginning of this century, it was understood to indicate a grand yet cheerful style.

PEDRO, (Coxsackie, N. Y.)—We see no reason why deaf mutes should not be Knights Templar or Knights of Pythias, supposing them capable of understanding the objects of the societies. Any lodge would no doubt send you the constitution and by-laws on application.

J. B. (St Louis, Mo.)—1. Direct your inquiry to any of the leading papers of your city. We have no convenient way of learning the largest number of bales of cotton ever carried on a Mississippi steamboat. 2. Consult some apothecary or chemist. 3. Both are very good for your age.

D. D. (New York, N. Y.)—The guillotine is peculiar to France, and was never introduced in this country. The instrument approaching nearest to the guillotine was the "maiden," formerly used for execution in Scotland. Hanging for capital offences has been the mode of punishment here from time immemorial.

SOPHY W. (Dodge, Wis.)—Take your mother into your confidence without delay. A young girl can have no better adviser than her own parent. She will, at all events, give wise counsel on the matter, which you will appreciate if you do not follow. Whatever you do, take no decided step rashly. You may repent it all the rest of your life.

TURNER (Pleasant, Del.)—1. M. S. is one of our contributors. 2. No. 3. Greenwood in Kentucky is in Pulaski county. There is no paper published there that we know of. 4. It is good, though with rather too much flourishing. 5. Fifty cents on each new yearly subscription. 6. We have never heard of such a story or book. Make inquiry of Peterson & Co., publishers, this city.

STUDENT, (Bradford, Tex.)—"Aller de bon pied dans une affaire" is a French phrase, meaning, in English, to deal fairly in business. "Si cerdont la frase" is not the same as the exclamation in English, "Mark the mark." The former is an Italian phrase, meaning in English, "Pardon the phrase!" which latter is equivalent to the phrase used by orators, "Excuse the term."

M. C. (Macon, Ga.)—We really cannot give you any advice that will enable you to conceal your love for the young man. The only way to do that we can see is to avoid him altogether. If you think you are capable of deceiving him "you certainly need no assistance. If you have any plans in the matter and mentioned them, we might give our opinion as to which was the best, but that is all.

JAMES, (Rockland, N. Y.)—You are decidedly in the wrong. When you refused to take your lady-love to a party that she had set her mind on being present at, what else could you expect than that she would not accompany you to the gathering you were anxious to attend? Do you not remember what Byron wrote:

"Sweet is revenge, especially to woman?"

If you wish to continue in the good graces of the young lady it would be well for you to call on her speedily and do your best to overcome the unfriendly feeling which your conduct has undoubtedly provoked.

JULIA, (Rochester, N. Y.)—We give the signification of the names you mention as follows: "Julia" or "Juliana," the feminine of Julius, Latin and remotely Greek, soft or light haired; "Ida," the same as Ada and Edith, from the Saxon Kade or Eadith, happy, blessed. The name is also Greek, but not of a person. "Hadah" (Hebrew), the world; "Eve" or "Eva" (Hebrew), life giving; "Florence," flourishing, prosperous from the Latin florens; "Deborah" (Hebrew), "a bee;" "Agnes," chaste, from the Greek Agne; and "Antoinette" or "Antonia," the feminine of Antony from the Greek anthos, a flower. "Charles" is of German origin, and signifies strong, stout, courageous.

W. W. P. (Palatine W. Va.)—If you love the girl and feel you will not be happy without her, marry by all means. But, generally speaking, the extra age should be on the part of the man. A woman grows old much sooner than a man, and by the time you are forty and she is forty-five, there is a chance that you may repent your action. At your age you can well afford to wait five years, and there is every likelihood that you will yet meet with somebody better suited to you. If, however, you have visited the lady for any time, and have honestly won her heart, you must act cautiously. If your parents are living, consult them, and if not, take the advice of your oldest and best friends.

CHARLEMAGNE, (Worcester, Mass.)—Your friend is wrong in thinking that no great military chieftain ever lived to be over sixty years of age, and in saying that all the great heroes of the ancient world died comparatively young, and that in modern times both soldiers and naval heroes have either been killed or else died before they attained the age of three score. Nor is it true, as he says, that happened in the case of each of the following: Cyrus of Persia, Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Napoleon, Lord Nelson, and a host of others. Two of these great commanders, Hannibal and Charlemagne, lived to be over sixty years old. He also forgets that Wellington, who conquered Napoleon, lived to a great age.

J. D. K. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Marshal Ney was tried and sentenced to be shot by the French Chamber of Peers, and fell by French bullets in the garden of the Luxembourg, Paris, at 9 A. M., Dec 7, 1815. On the trial, the 12th article of the capitulation of Paris, signed July 3, 1815, promising a general amnesty, was quoted in his favor, but the Duke of Wellington affirmed that this was not the true construction of the article, and probably this declaration somewhat secured the condemnation of the "bravest of the brave." Metz capitulated October 27, 1870. Marshal Bazaine was the commander of the fortress. After peace was concluded, he was accused of having needlessly and treacherously surrendered Metz, and was tried on that charge. The court found him guilty, and he was stripped of his honors, and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. He escaped from prison, and has since lived in exile.

WILLIE J. (Kingman, Kans.)—"I should feel obliged if you would settle a dispute between my mother and me. Does rising early really make a person 'healthy, wealthy, and wise?'" In the first place, we beg to remind you that it is not our province to interfere between mother and son, in a case of this kind. And even if we had no such scruples, she, knowing your temperament, constitution, and other surroundings, and we, knowing nothing of them, is far better able to advise you as to what you ought to do in your circumstances than we are. But, looking at the question of early rising in the abstract, we might inform you that recently a distinguished German physician assured people that early rising was a great mistake, and did not tend to make men "healthy, wealthy and wise," but quite the contrary. But the best medical authorities of our own country, say that brain-workers should rise about six o'clock, take a very light breakfast, and then they can enjoy the "luxury of work with a clear brain" for a few hours. In view of this disagreement of authority, each one had better suit himself, and you should follow your mother's advice. Mothers are usually not hard taskmasters.